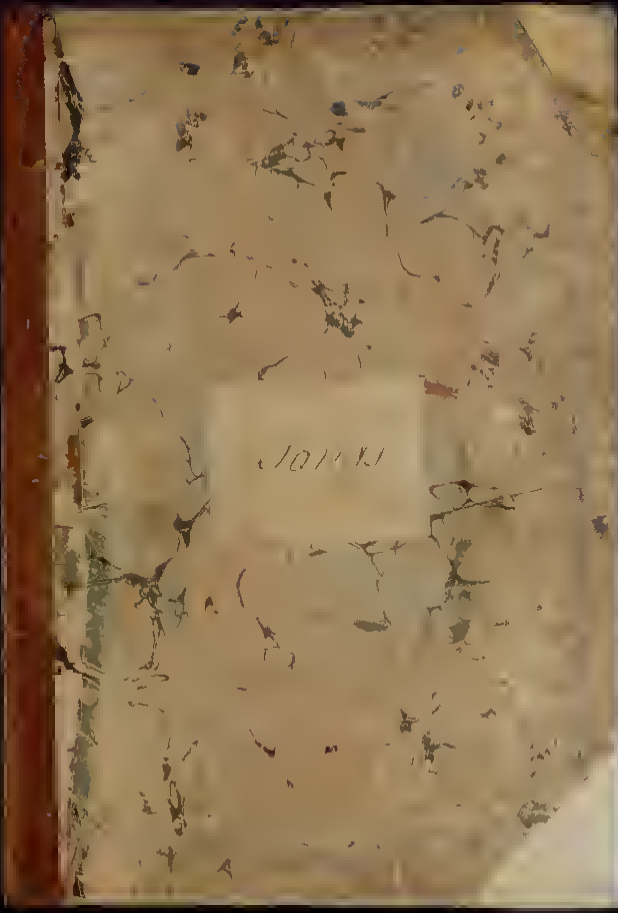

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Woodman —

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Lamplighter

Gossey Garden —

Loyal Regiment

Opera Bella — & Manuscripts

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Recitative Woodlands

Manuscript Songs

Air & Variations —

JANE AUSTEN'S HOUSE
CHAWTON HAMPSHIRE

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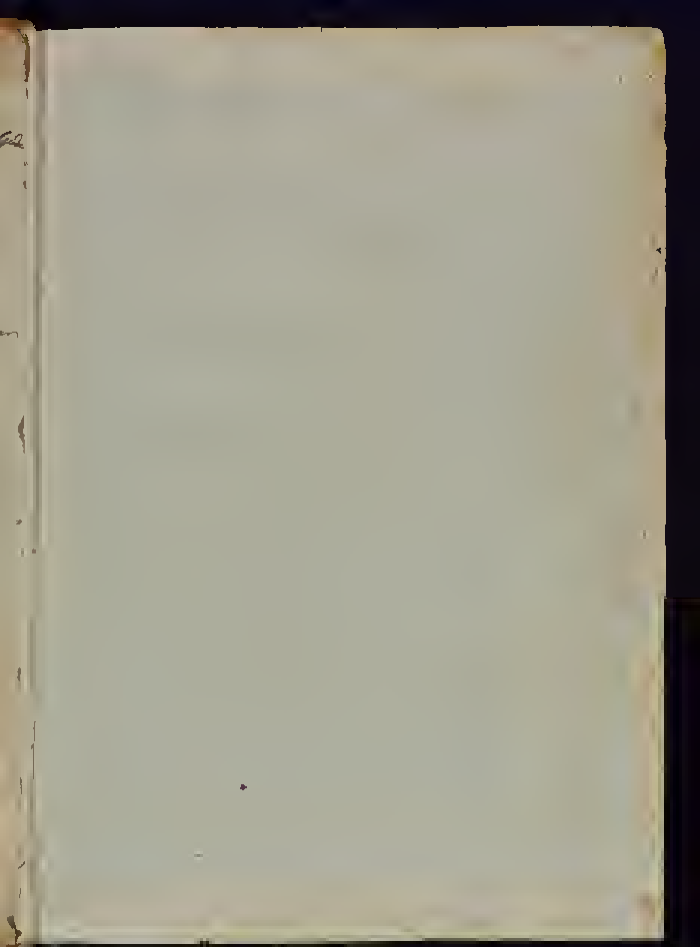
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[illegible]

A favorite Song

[illegible] Vauxhall

[illegible] by a Lady, and Set to Music by

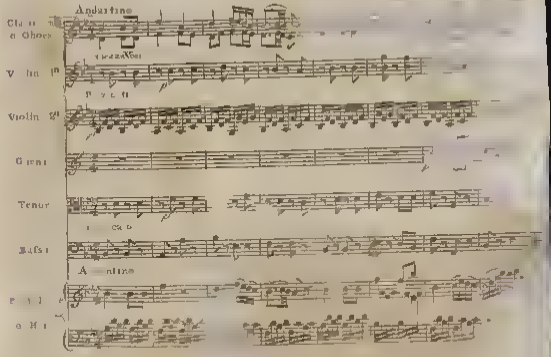
Mr. HOOK

Price 1s

Printed by Longman and Broderip N°26 Cheapside and N°13 Hay Market

Printed at Stationer's Hall

Just Published The Triumph of Beauty Compiled by Mr Hook 2s



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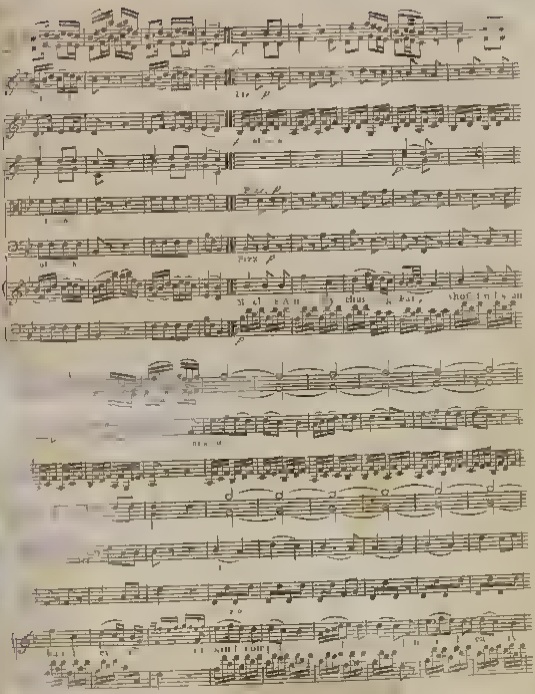

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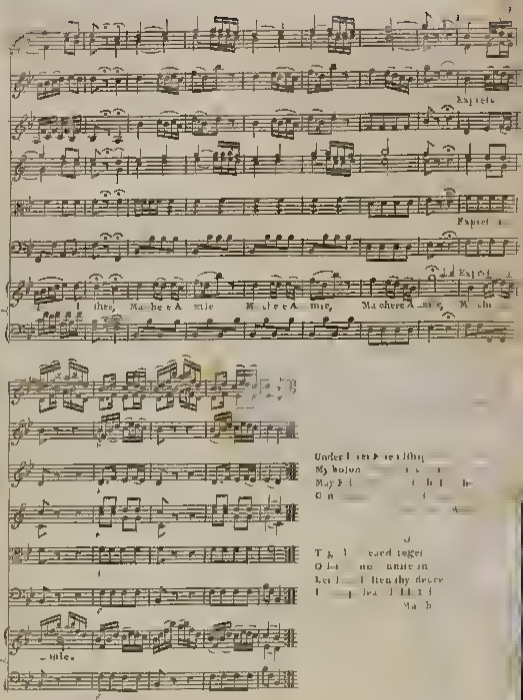

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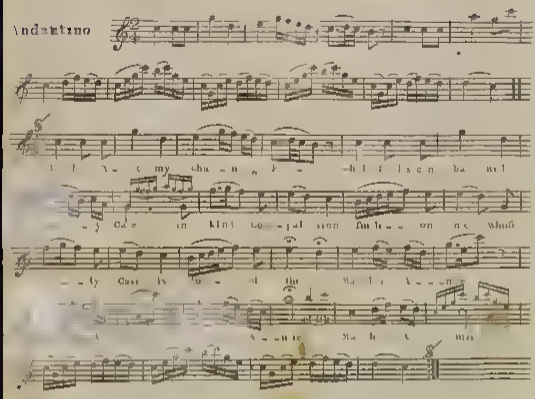

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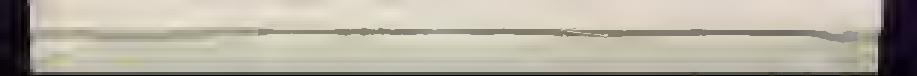

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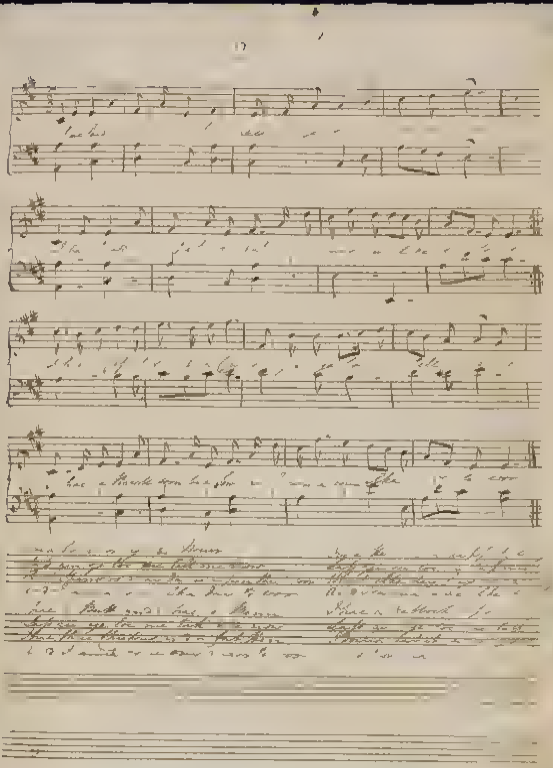

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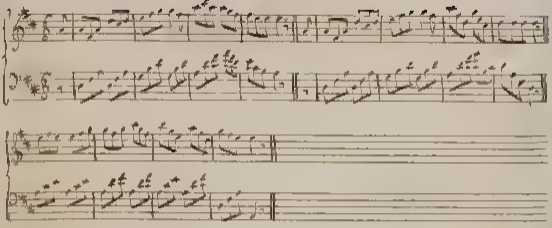

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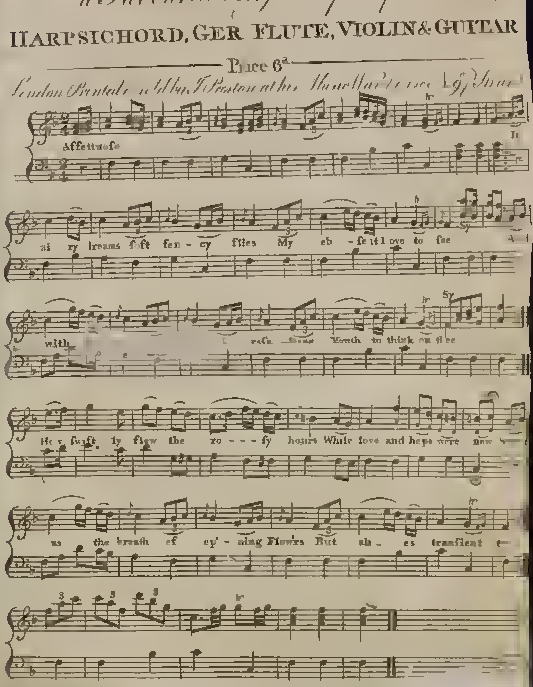
IN AIRY DREAMS

a Favourite Song. Adapted for the

HARPSICHORD, GER. FLUTE, VIOLIN & GUITAR

Price 6d.

London Printed & Sold by J. Preston at his Music Warehouse No 97 Strand


Affettuoso
ai ry Dreams soft fan - cy flies My ob - ject love to me
with
rect - ness Wouth to think on thee
He's swift, ly flow the ro - - - sy hours While love and hope were new
as the breath of sy' - - ning Flowrs But ah - es transient e-

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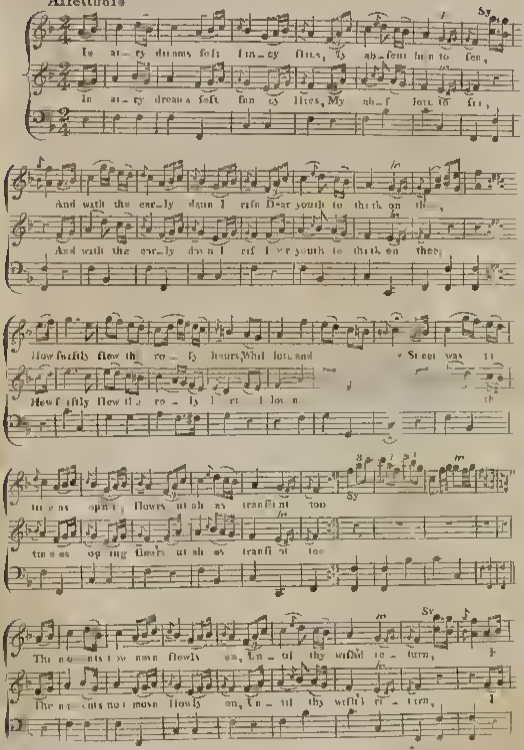
IN AIRY DREAMS

Affettuoso

A favorite Duett.


In airy dreams soft fancy flies, My absent love to see,
In airy dreams soft fancy flies, My absent love to see,
And with the early dawn I rise Dear youth to think on thee,
And with the early dawn I rise Dear youth to think on thee,
How swiftly flew the rosy hours, While love and
How swiftly flew the rosy hours, While love and
Sweet was it
tuneful opening flowrets at my transient
tuneful opening flowrets at my transient
The moments now move slowly on, Till thy wished return,
The moments now move slowly on, Till thy wished return,

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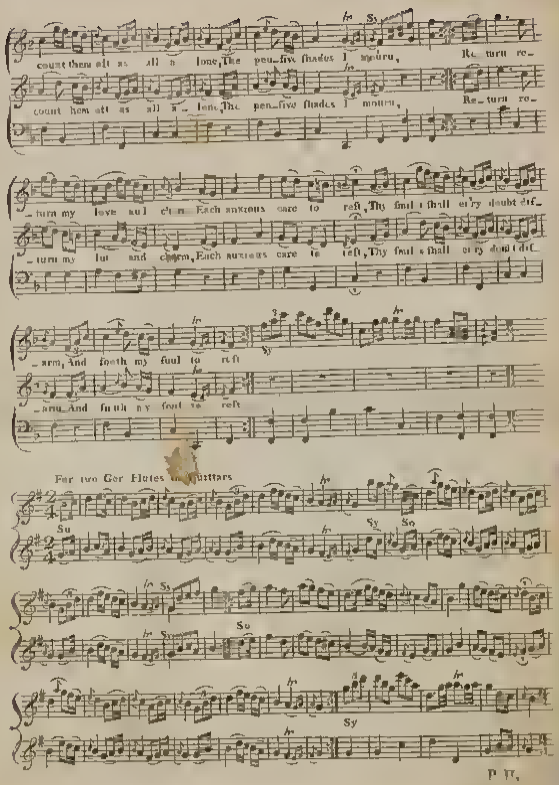
count them all as all a lone, The pen-sive shades I mourn,
Re-turn re-
count them all as all a lone, The pen-sive shades I mourn,
Re-turn re-
turn my love sad cheer, Each anxious care to rest, Thy soul shall ev'ry doubt dis-
turn my fair and chaste, Each anxious care to rest, Thy soul shall ev'ry doubt dis-
-arm, And sooth my soul to rest
-arm, And sooth my soul to rest
For two Ger Flutes or Guittars
Sy
So
So
Sy
P T.

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4

Mary's Dream

OR

SANDY'S GHOST,

Sung by Mrs. Chanu

at Hanover Square Concerts, and at the

Pantheon

Set to Music by

J. RELFE.

Price 1s

London.

Printed by Longman and Broderip No. 26 Cheapside
and No. 13 Hay Market.

Where may be had a beautiful Portrait of Mrs. Chanu

Which will be published by the Proprietors

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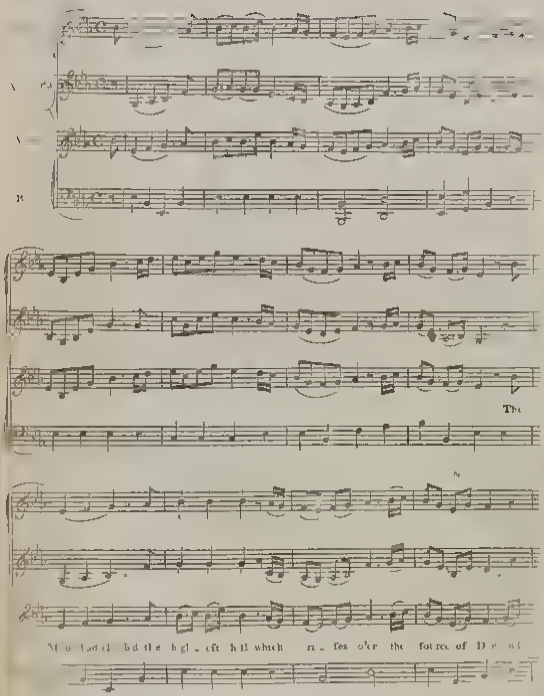

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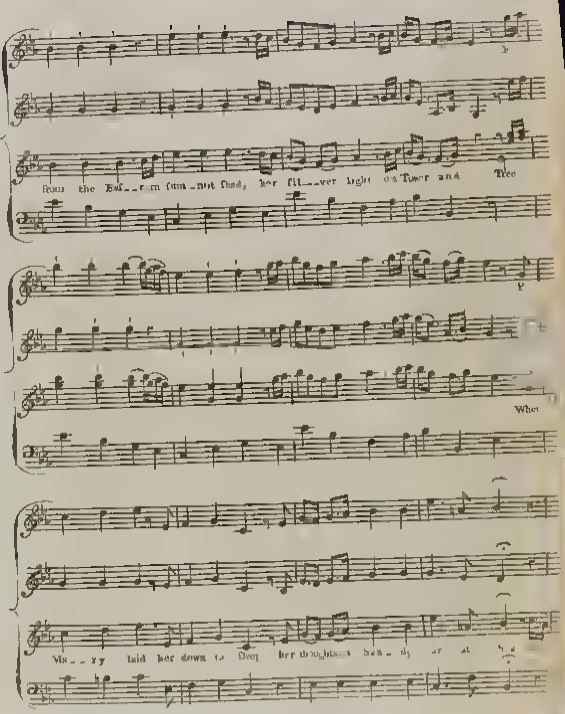
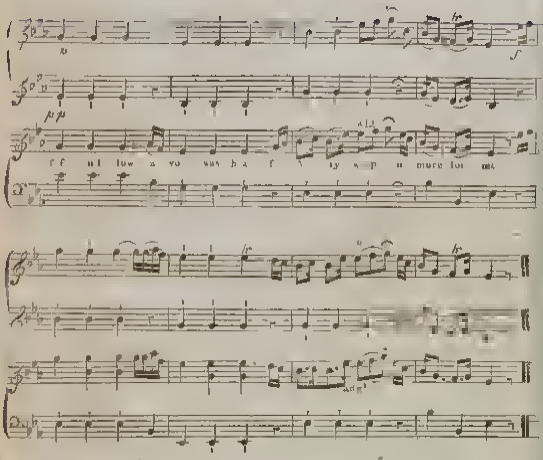

from the Eas_tern firma_ment shed, her fil_ver light on Tower and Tree
Vic_ _ _ _



5

She from her pillow gently rais'd
How heavily she sate
And on my neck her head she laid
And wept as if her heart would break

6

Three stormy nights and stormy days
We travel'd on our weary way
And tried what love and patience could do
To soothe her constant grief

So Mary weep no more for me

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2

When first this humble Roof I knew

A FAVOURITE SONG,

Sung by

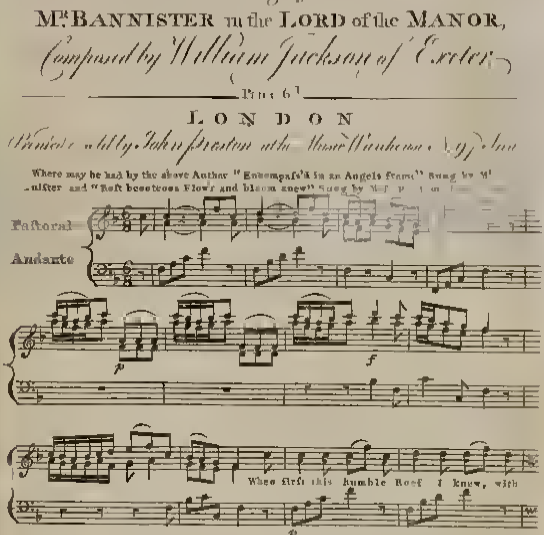
Mr. BANNISTER in the LORD of the MANOR,

Composed by William Jackson of Exeter.

Price 6d.

LONDON

Printed & Sold by John Preston at the Musical Warehouse No. 97 New Bond Street

Where may be had by the above Author "Entempsfd'k in an Angels frame" Sung by Mr. ...ulster and "Soft boostrous Flow'r and bloom anew" Sung by Mrs. ...

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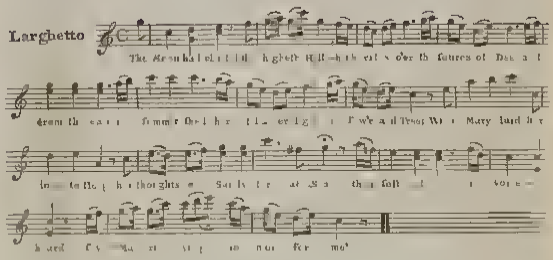
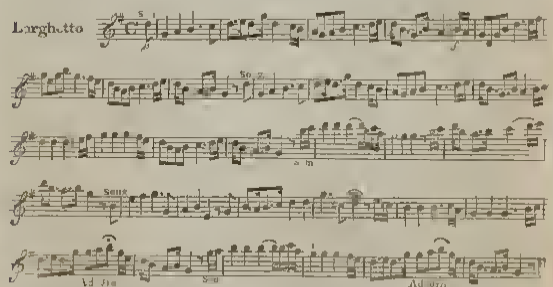
Guitar



German Flute



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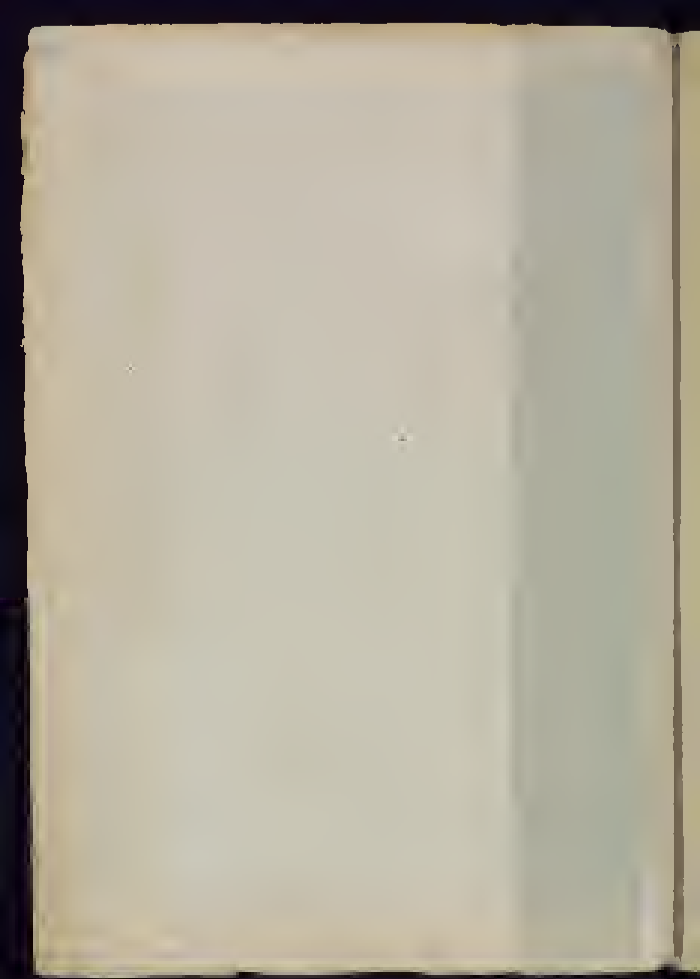
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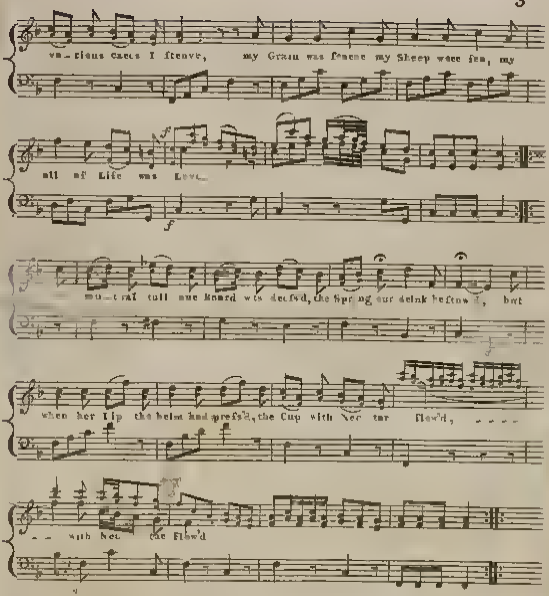
va-rious cares I strove, my Grain was scarce my Sheep were few, my
all of Life was Love.
mo-tal toil one Board was shar'd, the Spring our drink before it, but
when her Lip the brim had prest'd, the Cup with Nec-tar flow'd,
with Nec-tar flow'd

Content and Peace the dwelling shar'd,
No other Guest came nigh,
In them were Joys (the Gods was spar'd)
What Gold could never buy

No value has a splendid Lot,
But as the means to prove,
That from the Cot to the Cot
The all of Life is Love

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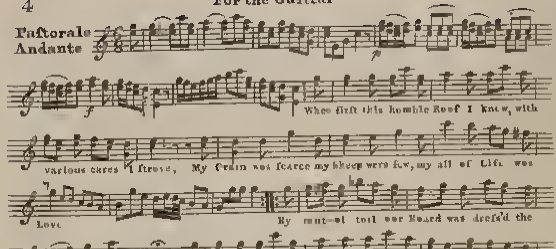
For the Guittar

Paftorale
Andante

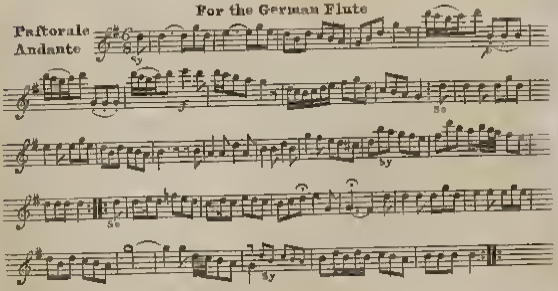

Where firft this humble Roof I knew, with
various cares I ftrove, My Crum was fcarce my Sheep were few, my all of Life was
Love My mutt-al toil our Board was drefs'd the
Spring our drink beftow'd but when her Lip the brim had prefs'd the Cup with Nec_tar
flow'd, with Nec_tar flow'd,

Content And Peace the dwelling fhar'd,
No other Gueft came nigh;
In them was giv'n (tho Gold was fpar'd)
What Gold could never buy!

No value has a fplendid Lot,
But as the omens to prove,
That from the Caftle to the Cot
The all of Life is Love.

For the German Flute

Paftorale
Andante



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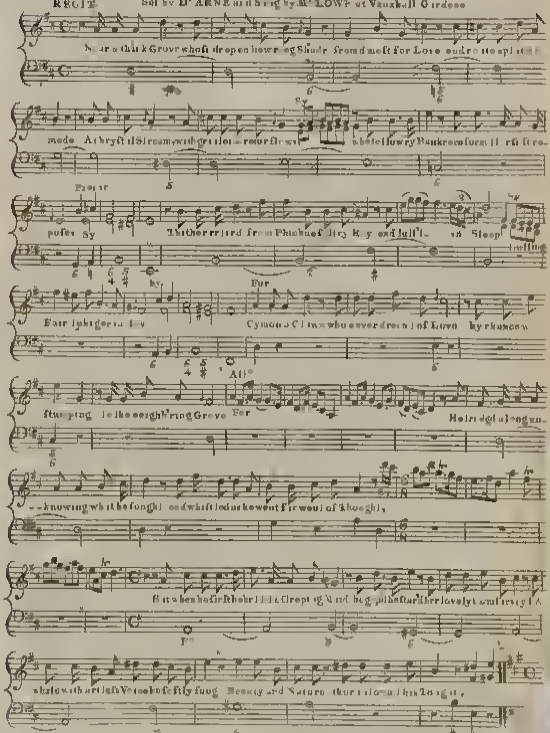
CYMON AND IPHIGENIA
A CANTATA

RECIT. Set by D^r ARNE and Sung by M^r LOWE at Vauxhall Gardens


Near a thick Grove whose deep shade
Fair Iphigenia
Cymon a Youth who never dream't of Love
Heard & beheld
knowing what he sought or what he did
Struck by her charms he Crept & Viewd
shades that fly Verse that Dies
Beauty and Nature

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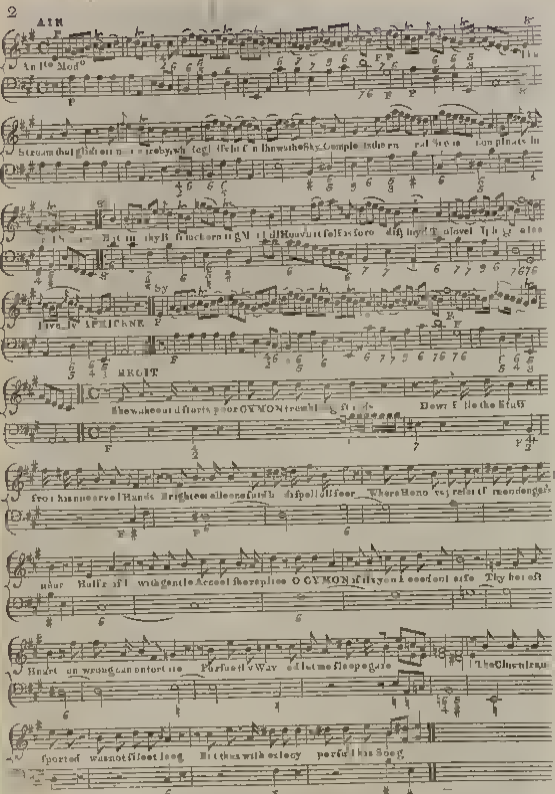
AIR
An Ito Mod
Live in APHICKNE
RECIT
Dear Phillis the Hills
Thewakeand flirts poorOCYMONtroubl
fro thanneervel Hands Brighter allcreaturth dispell diffeer Where beno restrat reondengal
nour Ruffe rfl withgentleAccesl thesephies OCYMONthyen leestent afte Thy herof
Heart un wrongcan enfortune Purfuet Way elletme Shepegaie
sported wasnotfleet long Britha with celecy perfe the Boeg

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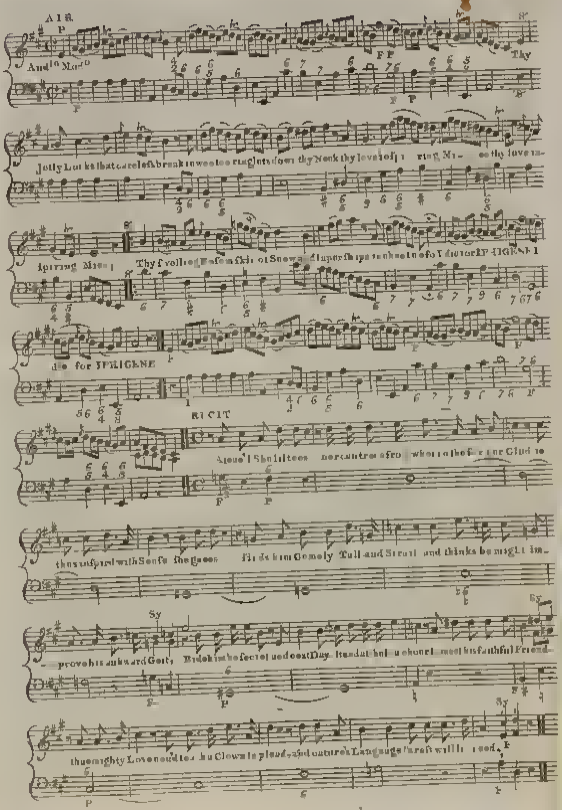
AIR
And to Morrow
Thy
Jolly Lark that early doth breake in sweete raglet to doe thy Neighbours Mirth
Spring Maid Thy Forehead Smooth as Snow Shapes shape to make the Lover
die for VIRGINE
RECIT
Apoll Shall tree nor centre stro when to the Spring Glad to
they satisfy'd with Senses Degree Pride in no Comely Tall and Strait and thinks he might im
Sy
proves his suit and Gets Pride in the fector ued cost Day Pride shall be short lived and unfaithful Friend
thee mighty Love needs no Clowns to plead and nature's Language is not will to need

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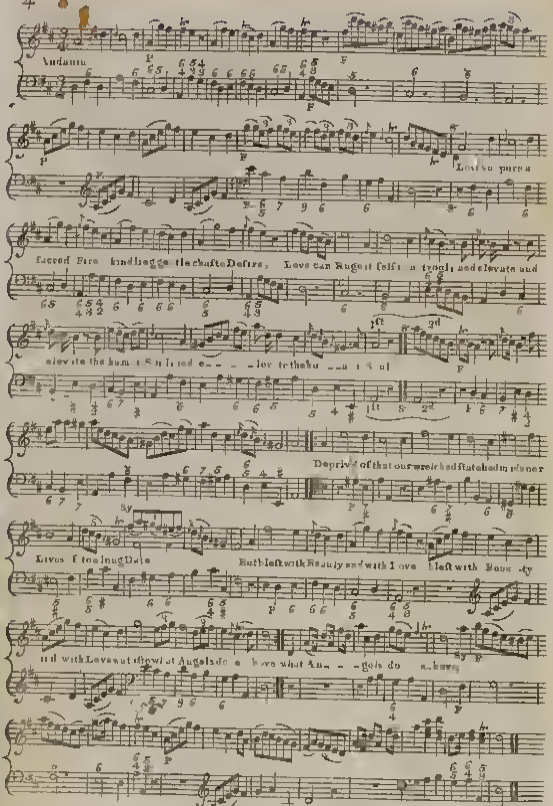
4
Andante
Love so pure a
Sacred Fire kindle hope the chaste Desire, Love can Augest fill in a trough and elevate and
elevate the human Soul and e- - - - - love to the - - - - ful
Deprived of that our wretched Ratehdom planer
Lives f ting long Date But left with Beauty and with Love Left with Beau ty
ful with Love as it flow'st Angelsde e love what An- - gels do e love

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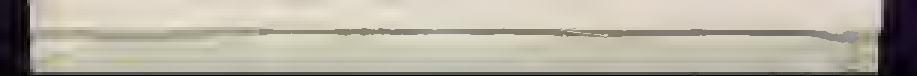

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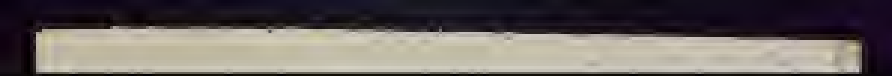

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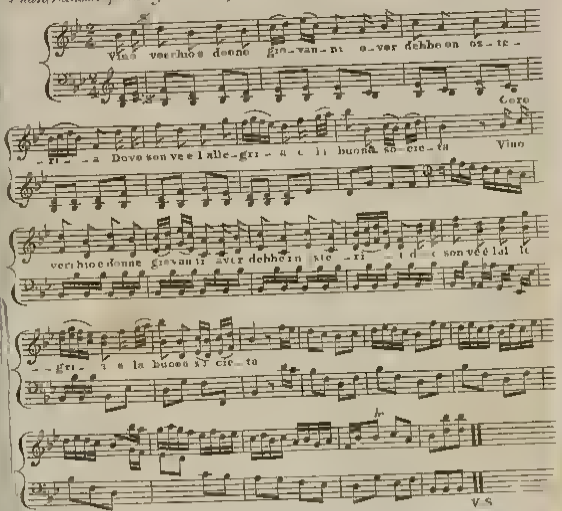
VINO VECCHIO

Canzonetta Aria e Coro

DAL SIG^R. NAUMAN.

London Printed & Sold by Preston & Son at their Wholesale Warehouses 97 Strand


Vino vecchio e donne giovani ever debbon esser
Coro
Dove son vere alle grazie e li buoni sentimenti
Vino
vecchio e donne giovani ever debbon esser
son vere alle
grazie e li buoni sentimenti
V.S.

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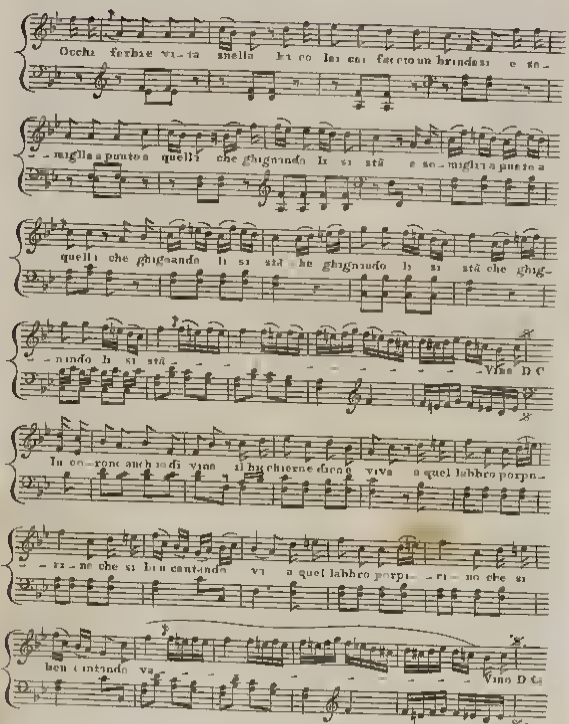
Occhi ferbae vi-ta anella Ei co lai cai fecero un brindesi e so-
-miglia a punton quelli che ghignando li si stà e so-miglia a punton
quelli che ghignando li si stà he ghignando li si stà che ghig-
-nando li si stà
Viva D C
In co-ron anch'odi vina il bichierne dicendo viva a quel labbro porpo-
-ri-ne che si lui cantando va a quel labbro porpo-ri-no che si
ben cantando va-
Viva D C

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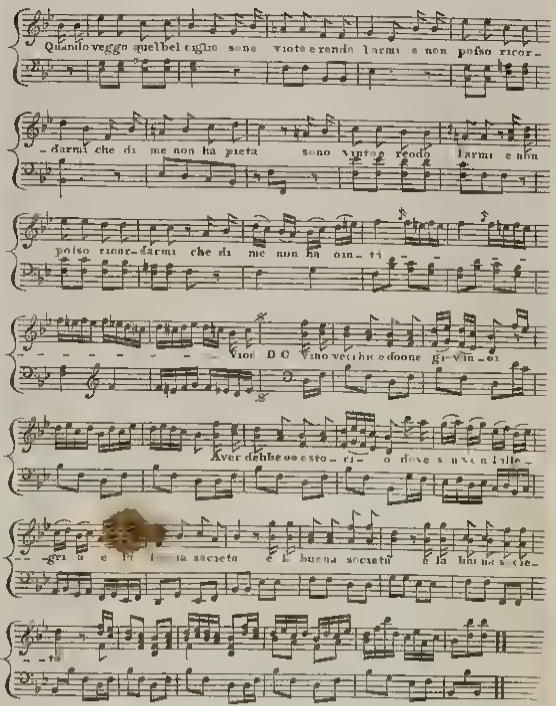
Quando veggo quel bel ciglio sereno
viotte e rendo lagrime e non posso ricor-
-darmi che di me non ha pietà
sono vinto e rendo lagrime e non
posso ricor-darmi che di me non ha cor-tà
Vino DC Vino vecchio e donne giovin-ei
Aver debbe questo ri- o deve sucentille-
-grà e il buona società e la buona società e la buona società

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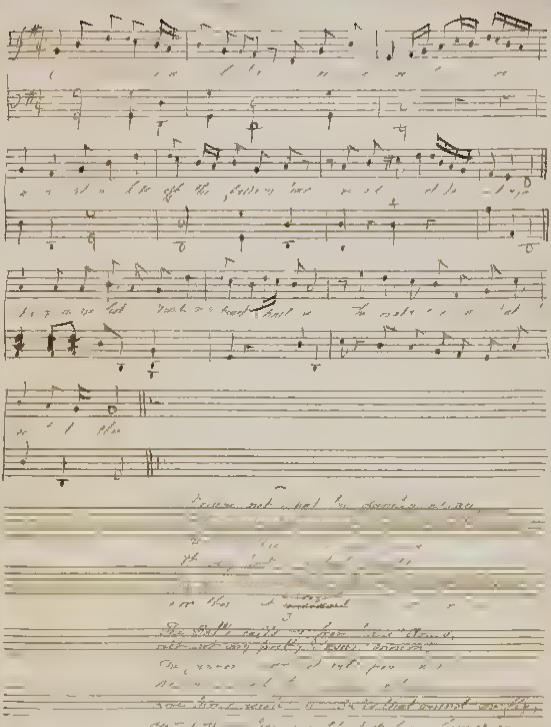

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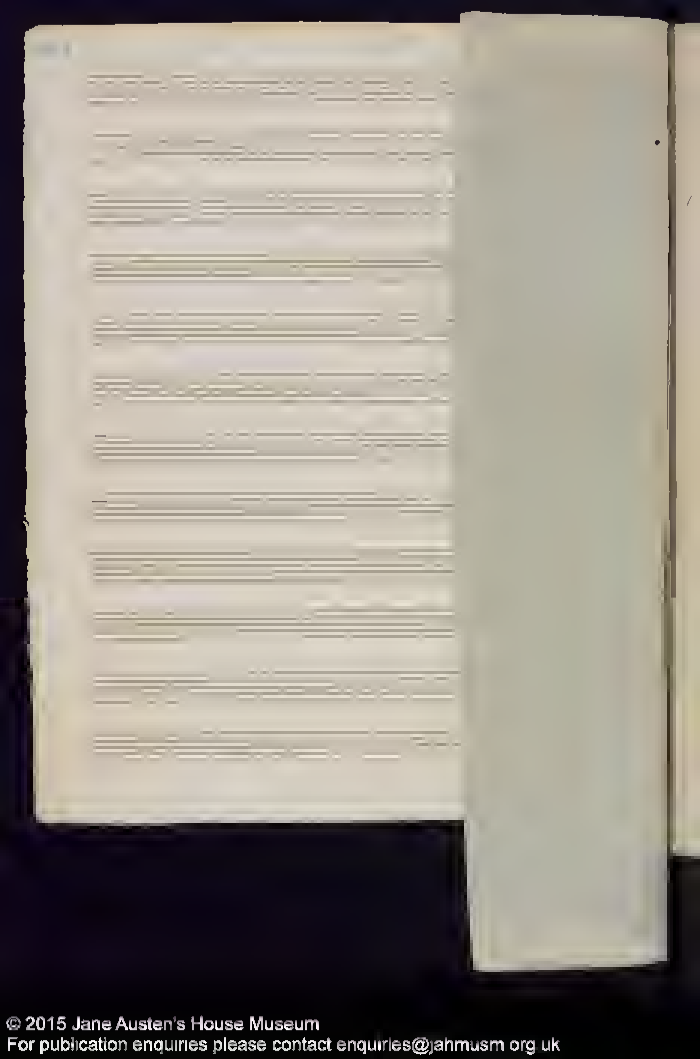
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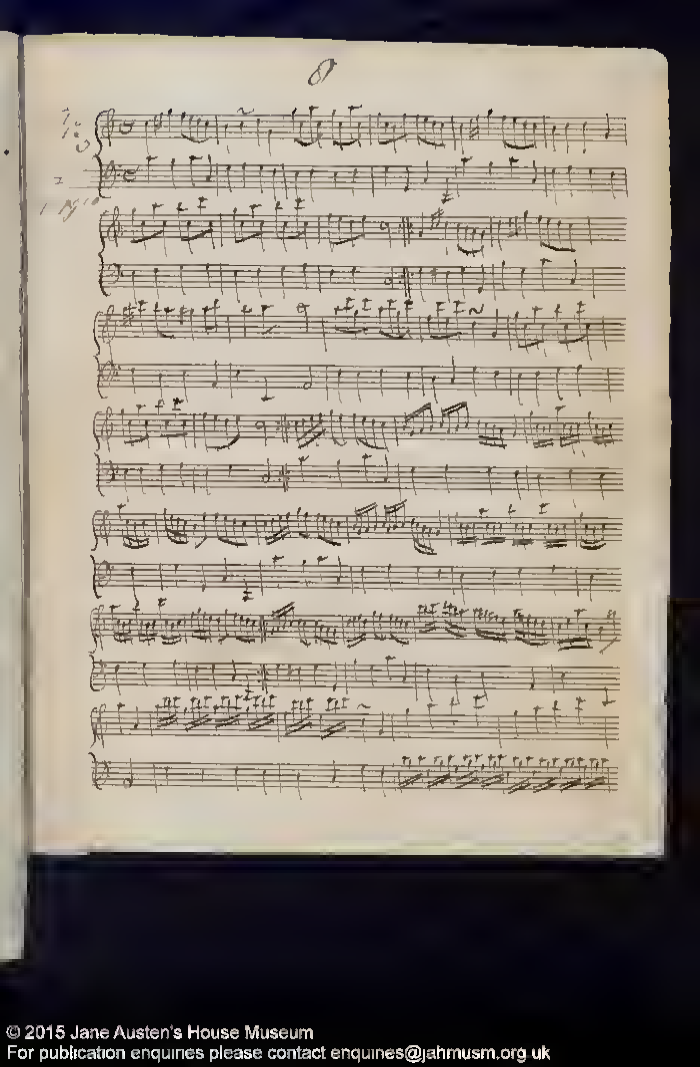
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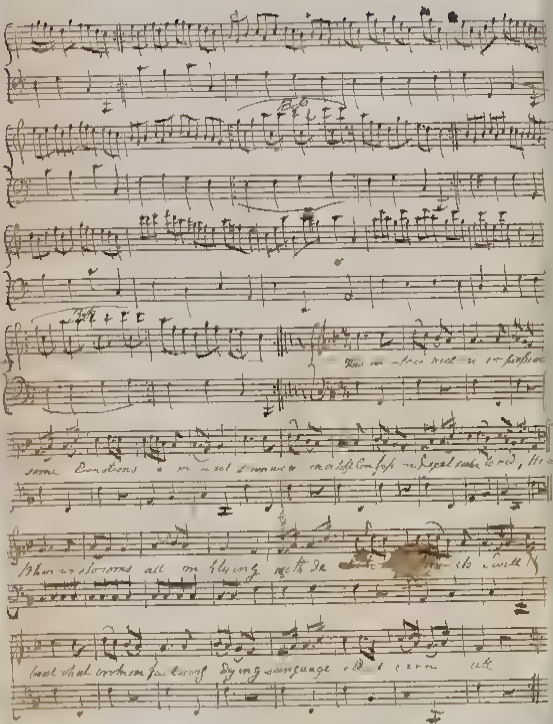

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9

2

THE PLOUGH BOY

Sung by Mr Blanchard in

THE FARMER

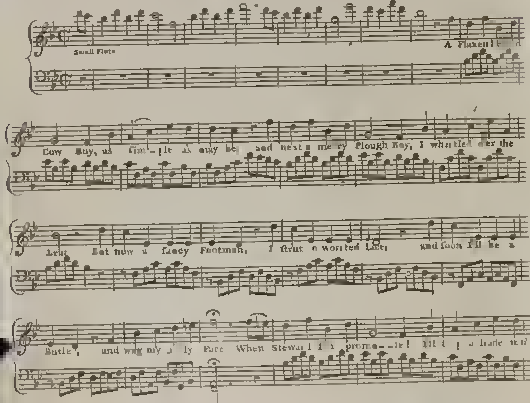
Written by J. Mc Hose Esq.r

and Set to Music by Wm Shield

Entered at Stationer's Hall Price 1s

Printed by Longman and Broderip N.o 26 Cheapside and N.o 13 Hay Market

Music Sellers and musical Instrument makers to His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales


Small Flute
A Flageolet
Dow Ray, as simple as any boy, and next a merry Plough Ray, I whistle over the
Day.
Jerk, But now a Lacey Footman, I strut a worried Lark, and soon I'll be a
Butler, and wag my Tye Pate When Steward I'm promoted I'll
a little to

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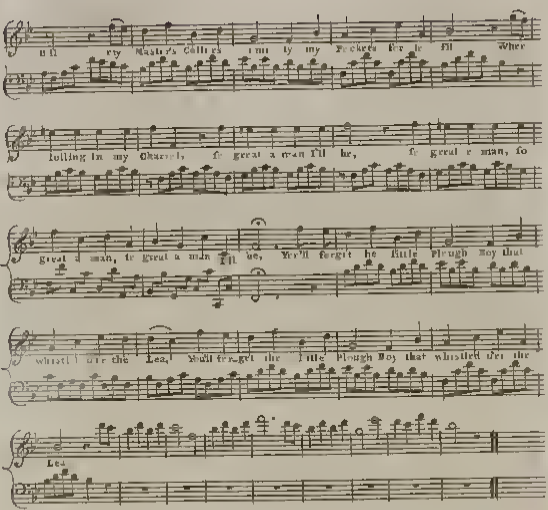
Till my Master's Colliers I run by my Fellows For le Fil Wher
rolling in my Chariot, so great a man I'll be, so great a man, so
great a man, so great a man I'll be, We'll forget the Little Plough Boy that
whistl'd after the Lea, We'll forget the Little Plough Boy that whistled after the
Lea.

2

I'll buy Votes at Elections, but when I've made the Pell
I'll stand Poll for the Parliament, and then vote on my self,
Whatever I record for—me sir, I never will oppose
When all my Ayes are told o'th, why then—I'll tell my Noes
I'll Joke, Harangue and Paragraph, with Speeches charm the Peers
An' when I'm tired on my Legs then I'll sit down a Per—
In Council or City Dinner so great a Man I'll be
You'll forget the little Plough Boy that whistled on the L—

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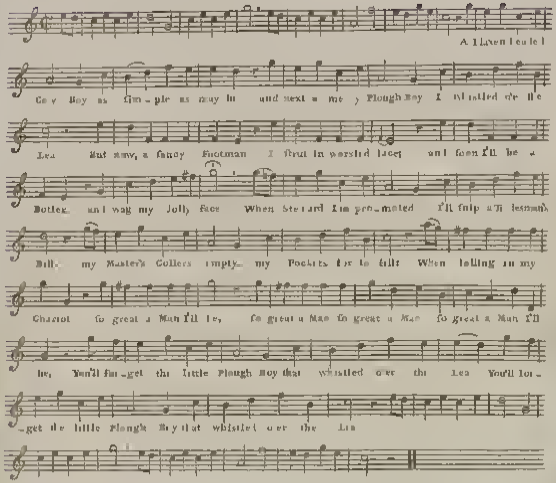
For the Guitar or German Flute


A Lovely Lad
Gay Boy as fim-ple as may be and next a me-ry Plough Boy I whistled o'er the
Lea But now, a fancy Footman I strut in worsted lace and soon I'll be a
Butler and wag my Jolly face When Steward I'm pro-moted I'll snip a Jessamy
Bill my Master's Collers empty my Pockets for to fill When lolling in my
Chariot so great a Man I'll be, so great a Man so great a Man so great a Man I'll
be, You'll for-get the little Plough Boy that whistled o'er the Lea You'll for-
-get the little Plough Boy that whistled o'er the Lea

2

I'll buy Votes at Elections as he does the Devil the Pell
I'll have Pollsters & Recruiters and then vote in my fell
What e'er's good I'll support, & I'll ne'er still oppose
When all my Actions I'll Illustrate in them I'll tell my Beaus,
I'll Rule my Lands with Speeches & harm the Poor
And I'll Live in Splendor & I'll Gild in a Pet
I don't so Quick be great a Man I'll be
You'll for-get the little Plough Boy that whistled o'er the Lea

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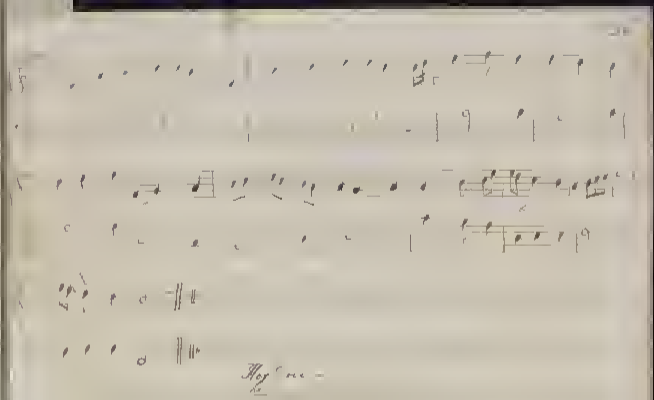

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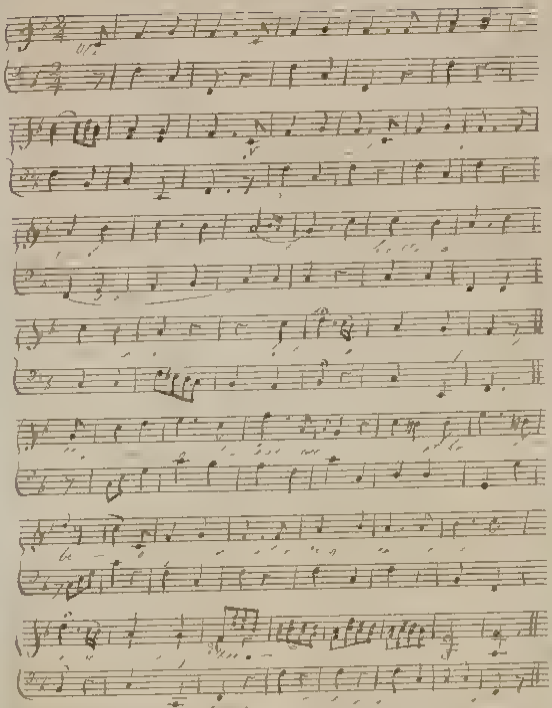

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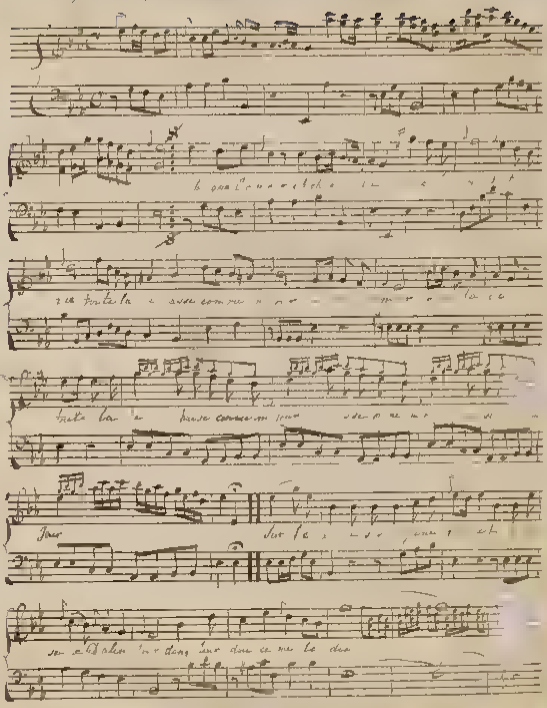

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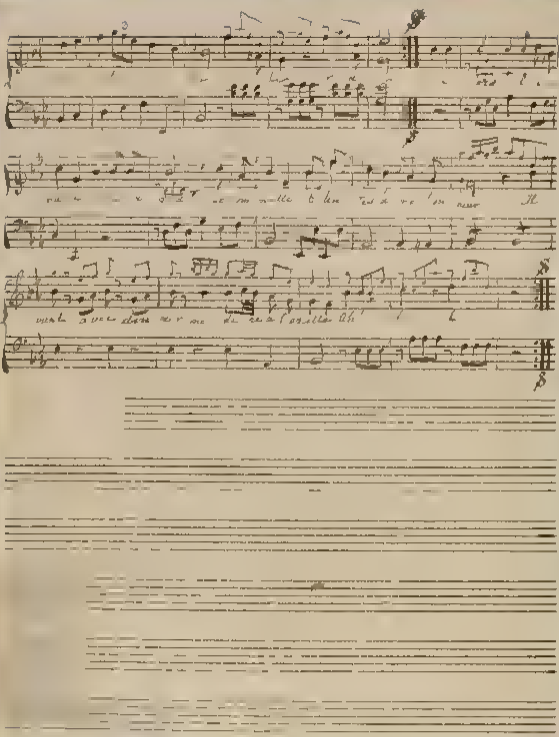

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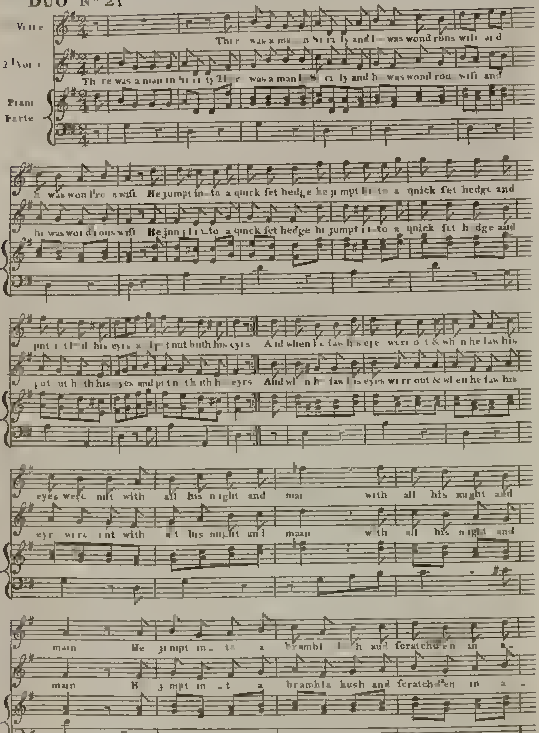
JUVENILE AMUSEMENT

DUO N° 21

Part I


Voice
2d Voice
Piano Forte
There was a man in this city and he was wond'rous wise and
There was a man in this city and he was wond'rous wise and
was wond'rous swift He jumpt in to a quick set hedge he jumpt in to a quick set hedge and
he was wond'rous swift He jumpt in to a quick set hedge he jumpt in to a quick set hedge and
put out all his eyes & put out both his eyes And when he has his eyes were out & so when he has his
put out both his eyes and put out both his eyes And when he has his eyes were out & so when he has his
eyes were out with all his might and man with all his might and
eyes were out with all his might and man with all his might and
man He jumpt in to a bramble bush and scratched on in a
man He jumpt in to a bramble bush and scratched on in a

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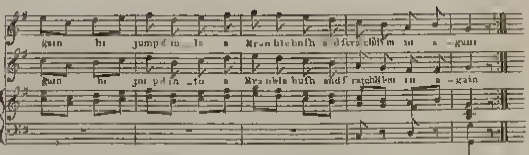
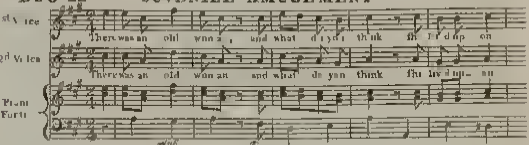
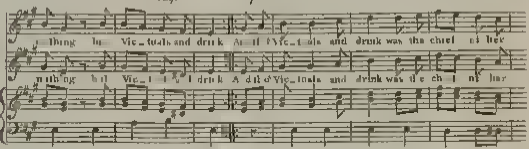
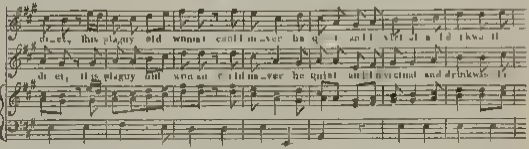
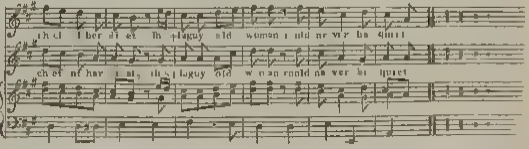

gain he jumped in to a Bramble bush and scratched him all a - gain
gain he got out of a Bramble bush and scratched him all a - gain

DUO 22 JUVENILE AMUSEMENT


1st Voice
There was an old woman and what do you think she lived upon
2d Voice
There was an old woman and what do you think she lived upon
Piano Forte


nothing but Victuals and drink Victuals and drink was the chief of her
nothing but Victuals drink Victuals and drink was the chief of her

diet, this plaguy old woman could never be quiet will you tell us what to do
diet, this plaguy old woman could never be quiet will you tell us what to do



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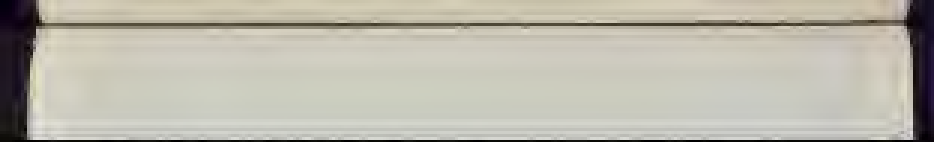

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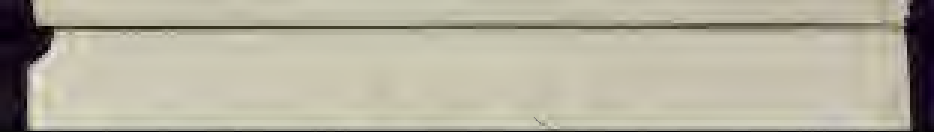

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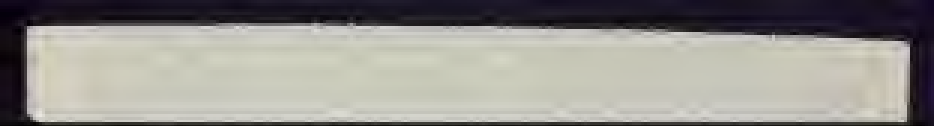

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If

THE

Expiring Christian whose Last

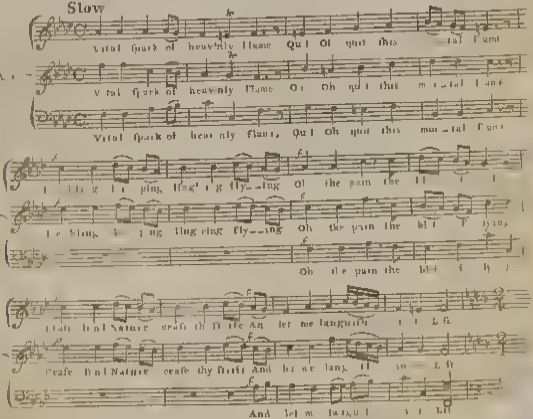
Celebrated ODE by

MR POPE

Set to Music for three Voices

Price 6d

Printed by Longman and Broderip N°26 Cheapside and N°13 Hay Market


Slow
Vital Spark of heavenly Flame Quit O quit this mortal Frame
Vital Spark of heavenly Flame Quit Oh quit this mortal Frame
Vital Spark of heavenly Flame Quit Oh quit this mortal Frame
Trembling trembling trembling flying Oh the pain the bliss of dying
Trembling trembling trembling flying Oh the pain the bliss of dying
Oh the pain the bliss of dying
Cease fond Nature cease thy Strife And let me languish into Life
Cease fond Nature cease thy Strife And let me languish into Life
And let me languish into Life

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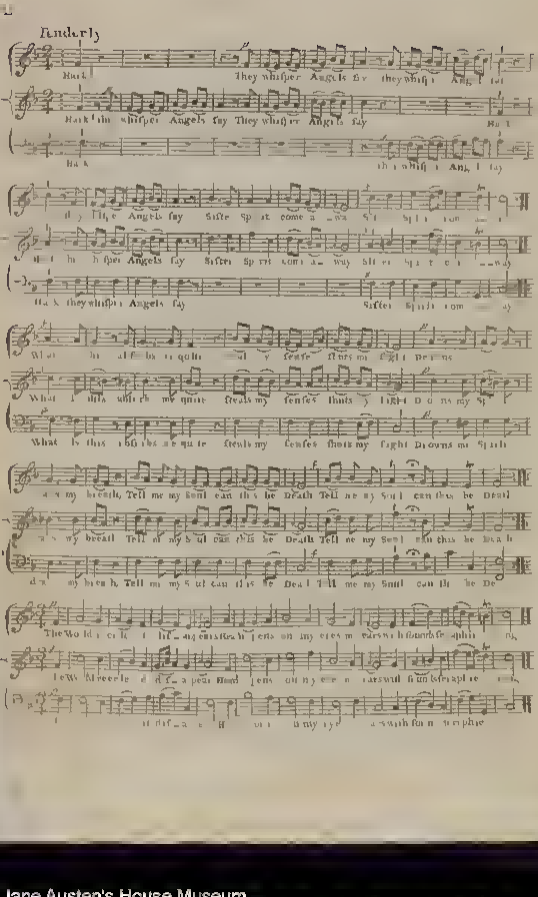
Funderly
Hark! They whisper Angels say They whisper Angels say Hark!
Hark! the whisper Angels say They whisper Angels say Hark!
Hark! they whisper Angels say
Hark! they whisper Angels say Sister Spirit come away
Hark! they whisper Angels say Sister Spirit come away
What is this which so quite deads my fenses shuts my Light Downs me Death
What is this which so quite deads my fenses shuts my Light Downs me Death
What is this which so quite deads my fenses shuts my Light Downs me Death
O my breath, Tell me my Soul can this be Death Tell me my Soul can this be Death
O my breath Tell me my Soul can this be Death Tell me my Soul can this be Death
O my breath, Tell me my Soul can this be Death Tell me my Soul can this be Death
The World recedes it disappears Heav'n opens on my eyes my ears with sounds
Lewis Mercedes it disappears Heav'n opens on my eyes my ears with sounds

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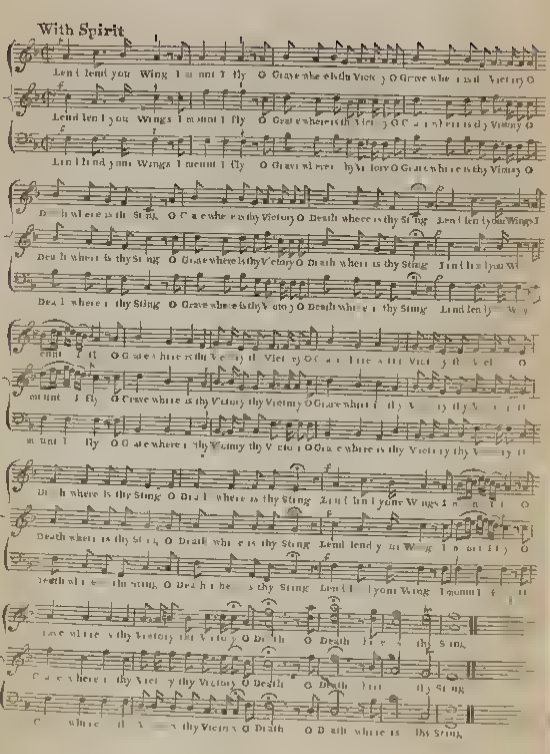

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The WOODMAN

Written by Wm. Pearce Esq.r

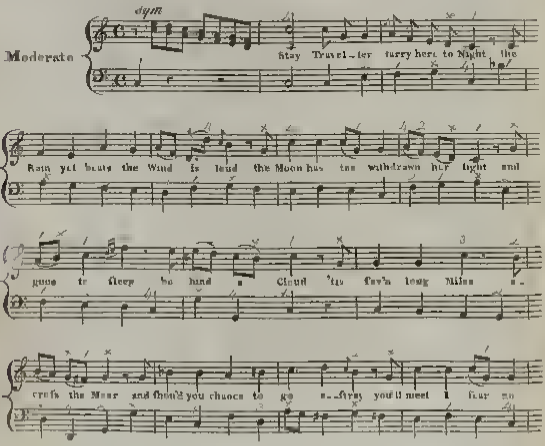
Set to Music

By

Mr. LINLEY.

Price 6d.

London Printed & Sold by Preston Successor to Mr. Bland & Weber 45 Holborn & 97 Strand


Moderato
Stay Travel-ler tarry here to Night the
Rain yet beats the Wind is loud the Moon has not withdrawn her light and
gone to sleep no hand a Cloud 'tis fair's long Miles a-
cross the Moor and should you chance to go a-stray you'll meet a fear-

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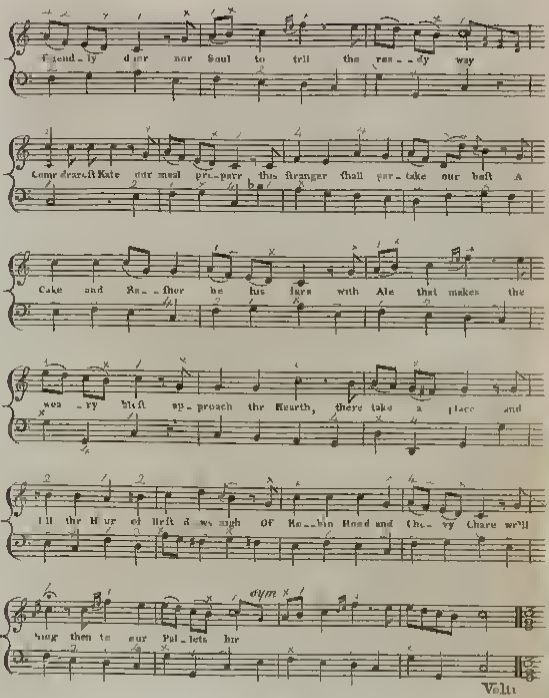
Friend_ly dyer nor Soul to tell the ran_ _dy way
Come dearest Kate our meal pre_pare this stranger shall par_take our bait A
Cake and Ba_ _ther he his fare with Ale that makes the
wea_ _ry blest ap_proach the Hearth, there take a place and
till the Hour of Heft a_ wa ugh Of Ro_ _bin Hood and Che_ vy Chare we'll
dym
hang them to our Pal_lets hir
Volti

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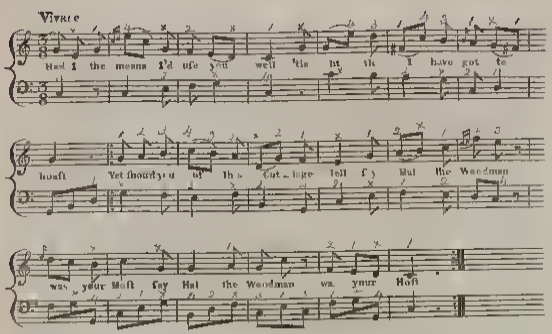
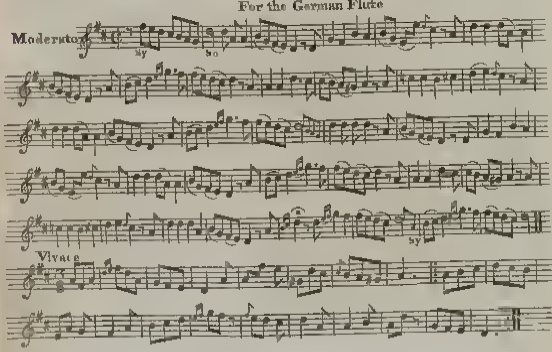

Vivace
Had I the means I'd use you well 'tis bt 'tis I have got to
boast Yet though you're bt This Cot age tell I'm But the Woodman
was your Mast Say Ha! the Woodman was your Hon

For the German Flute



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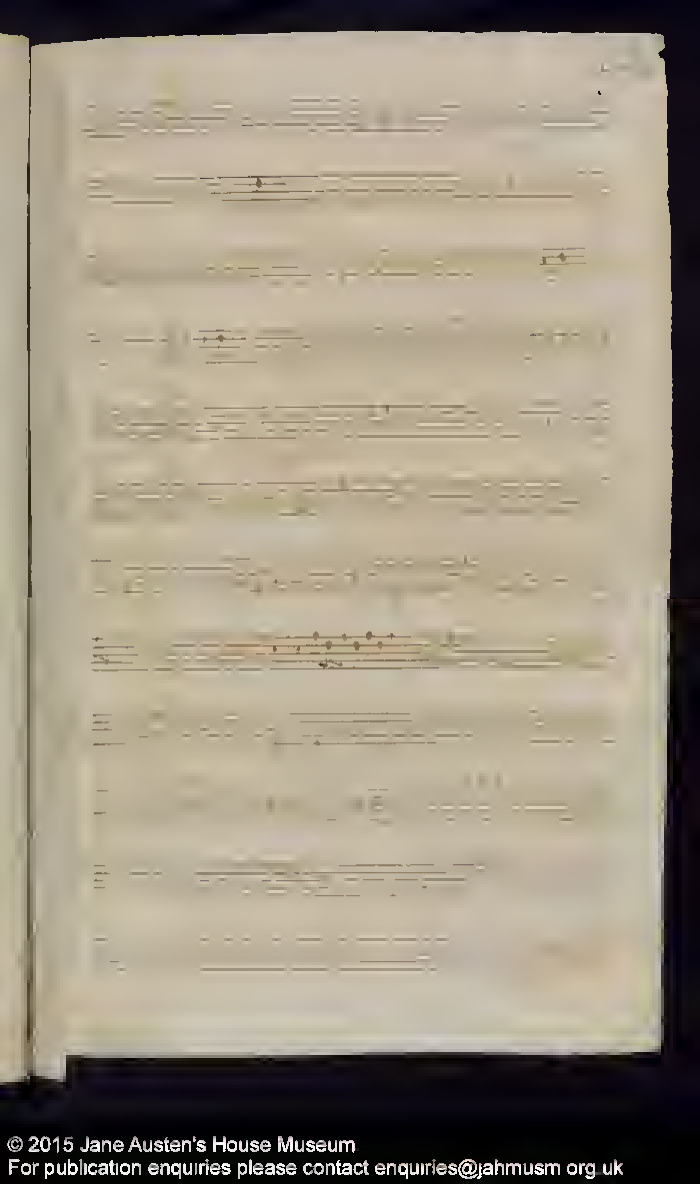

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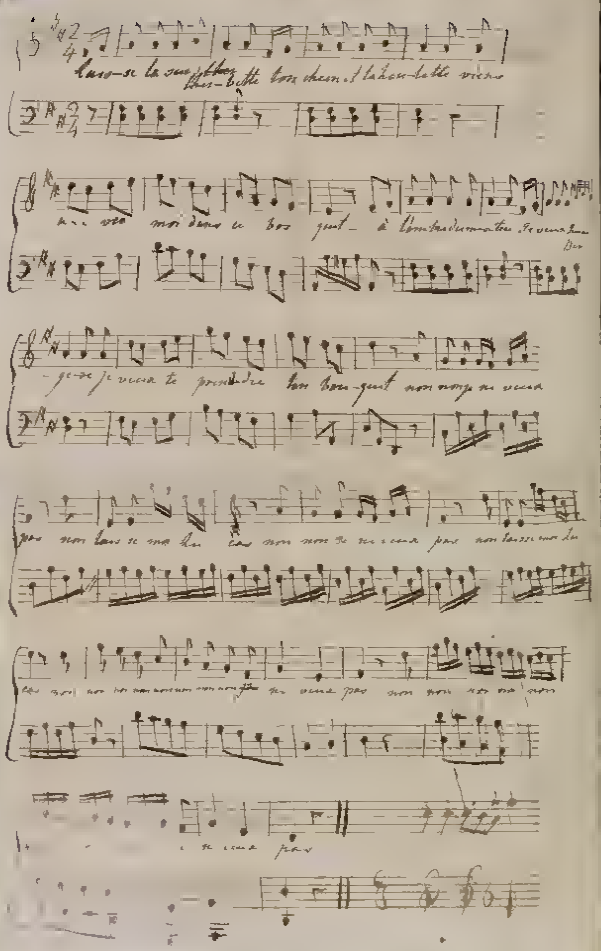

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2

Lucas turfu ici ? ou

Mon Bonjour à votre place

Que fond tu de la Journée ?

Il bien point de Colere

Je cede à ta priere

Donne la fin mes baisers la mer.

Ton ton Ton

3

Ton Je te veux sourire

Je veux jurer ta foi

dans tes yeux !

Je cede à ma tendresse

Ah quelle douce Ivresse

Je suis heureux de bien

Ton Ton ton ton

Tu le te noyes n'eux

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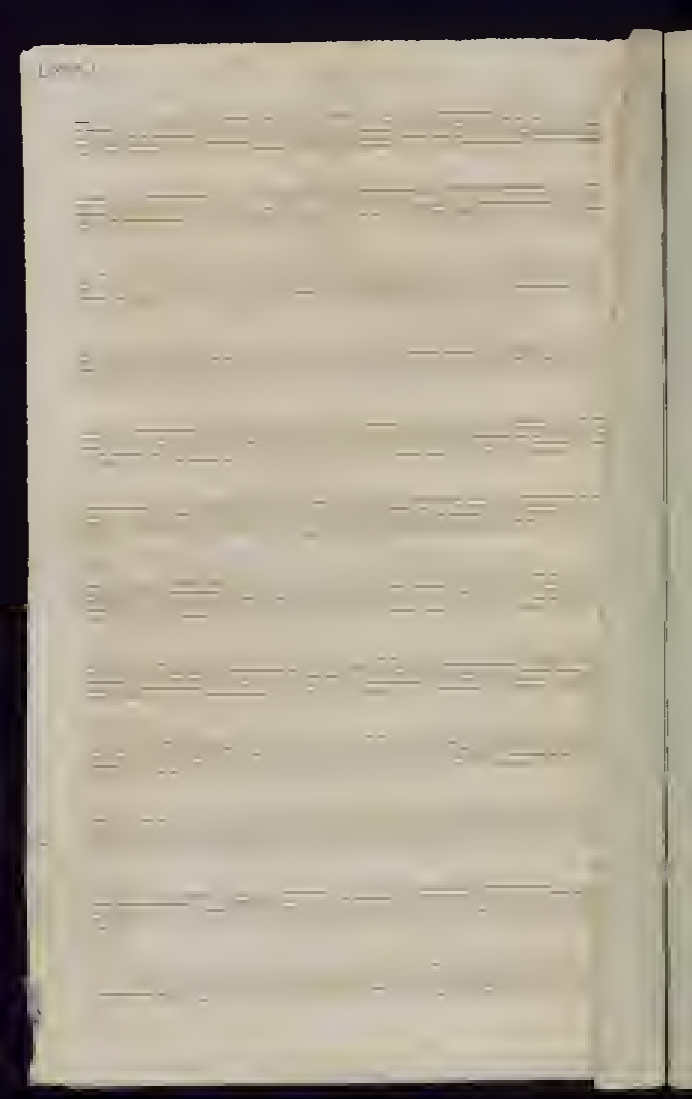

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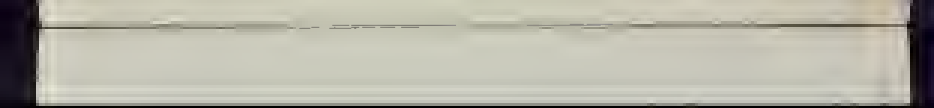

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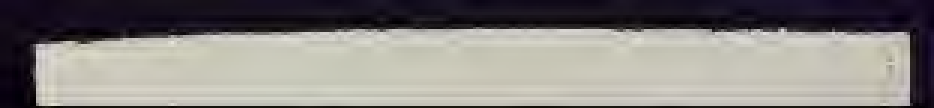

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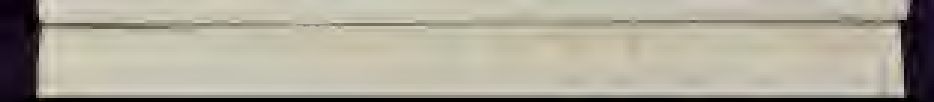

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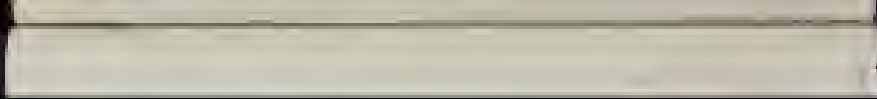

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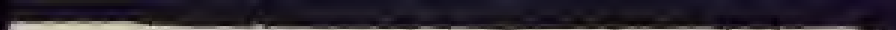

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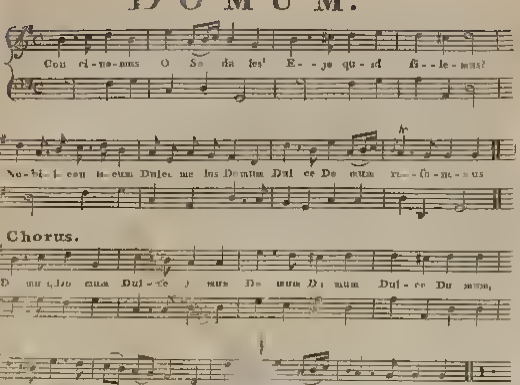
DOMUM.



2

Appropinquat eccè felix
Hyems grandis ruina
Fœtu gravet tædium
Advenit exitium
Mota pereunt labentia
Domum, &c.

3

Mundi libros mitte, follis,
Mitte pensa dura.
Mitte negotium
Jam datur otium
Mea mecum mittite cura
Domum, &c.

4

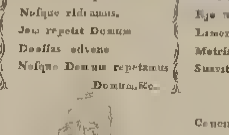
Rubet annus prata ridentia
Nosque ridemus.
Jam regredit Dominus
Desilias advena
Nosque Deum repetimus
Domum, &c.

5

Ejo nunc exuvias
Limen mobile,
Matris et sedes,
Sumatur et repetimus
Domum &c.

6

Canemus o Fenestra
Vox et mulcetur
Phosphore quid juber
Segnans unicorn
Gaudia nostra morantur?
Domum &c



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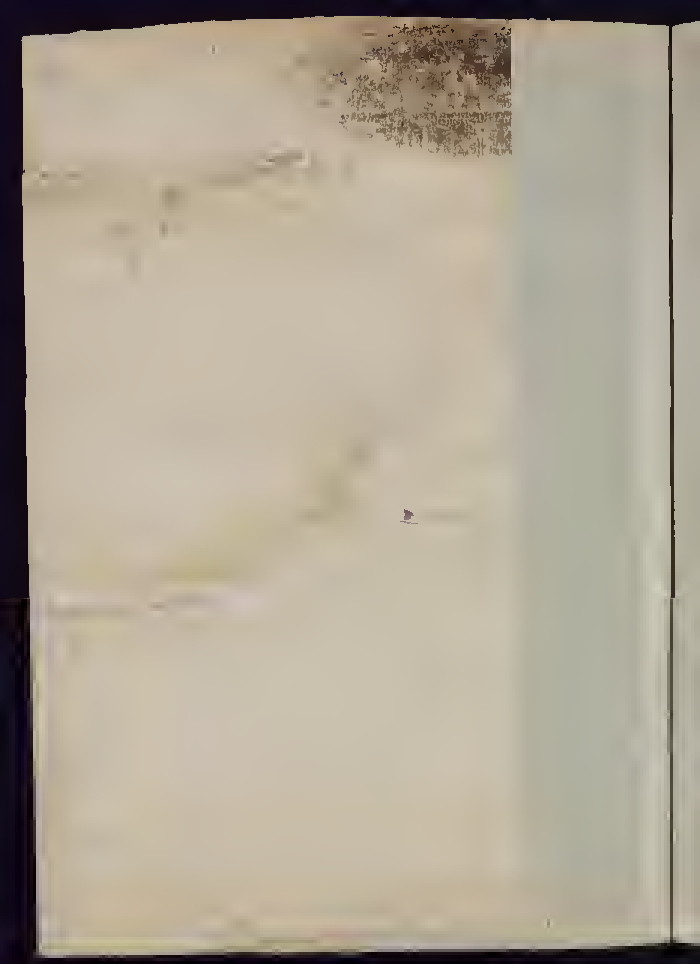

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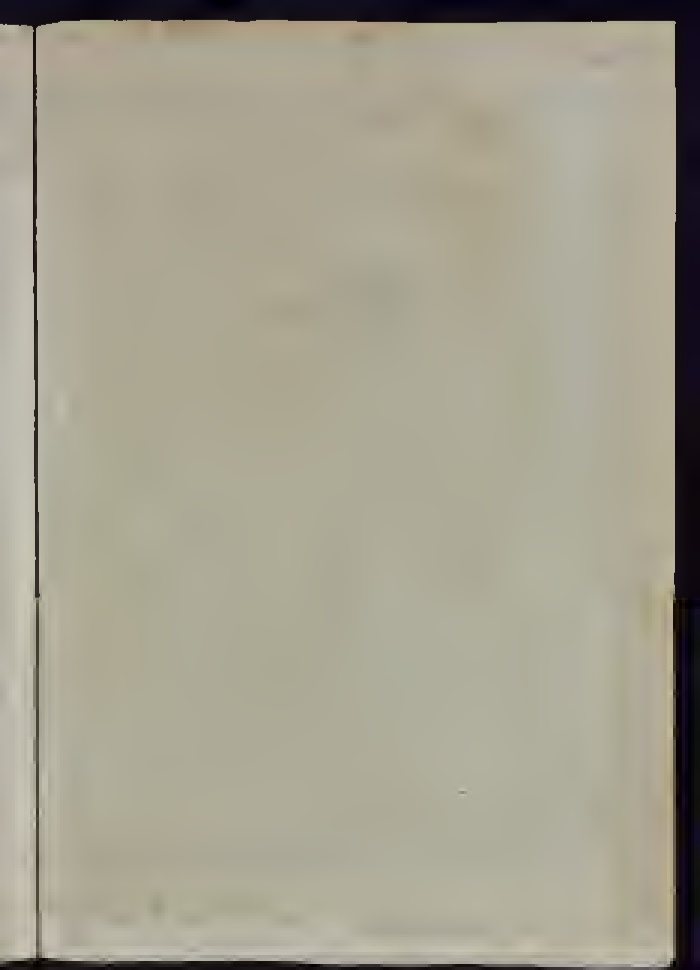

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The Lamplighter

written and composed

by

Mr Dibdin

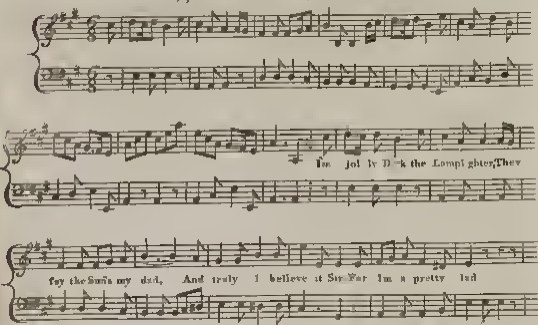
for his entertainment

called

The ODDITIES.

Price 1/-

London Printed & Sold by the Author at his Music Warehouse No. 4 Pall Mall
opposite the Adelphi



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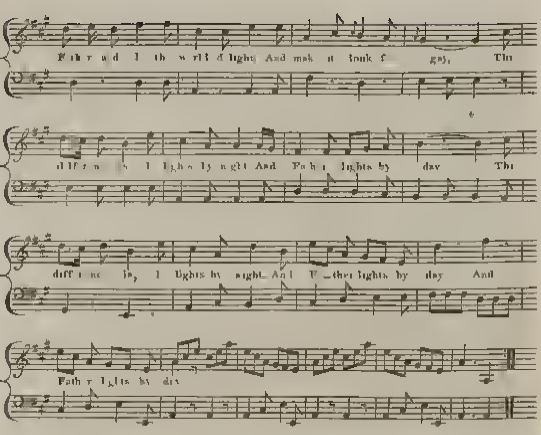
Father wed with worlds delights And make us think of gay, Thy
all fire mists by night And Father lights by day Thy
diff rence be, Lights by night And Father lights by day And
Father lights by day

2

But Father's wealth likes all
For knowing life and fun,
For strong relishes and fancies spent
Folks never chew the Sun
Rogues, Owls & Bats must run the light
Its beams can't never leave
And fly must I for taught,
Things natter for all he

3

At night men's spirits dart
As quite unfetter'd walk
And many a fine and mad a dream
Will this pall o'er the dark
Both formal prude and hell night
Will throw off all cares
While starry sky at night
Who fancied all days

4

His darling hair did flow
My soft fingers did comb
And man I to fame my heart was
To his gentle breast I lay
So Father and I took a night
And in the first I
I but could form my thoughts
With I I to I In

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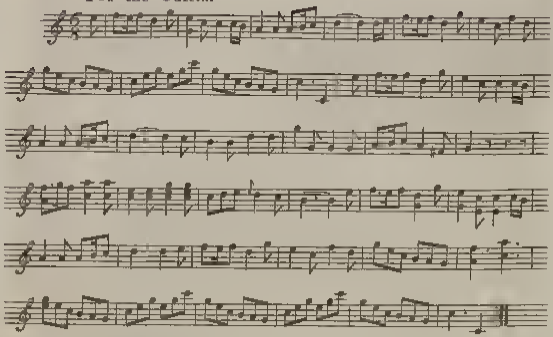
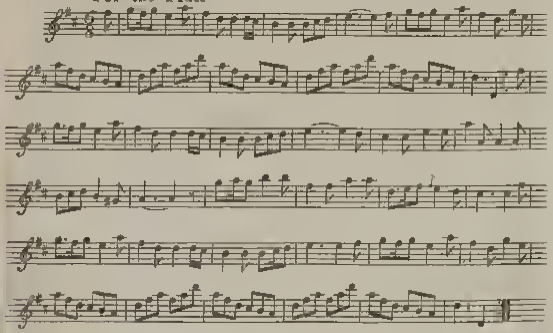
For the Guittar



For the Flute



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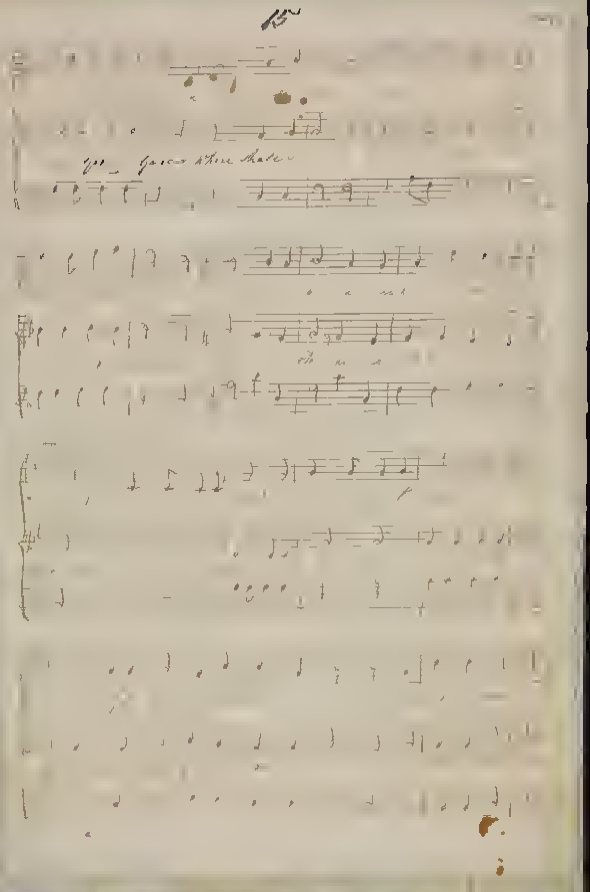

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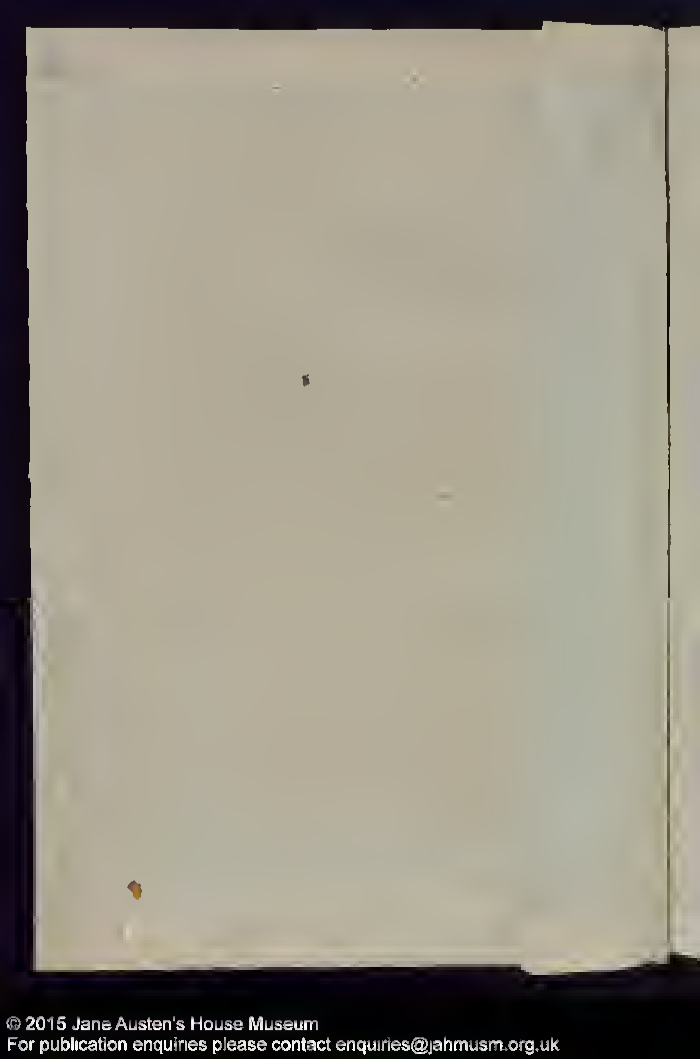
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(SOUND ARGUMENT)

written and composed

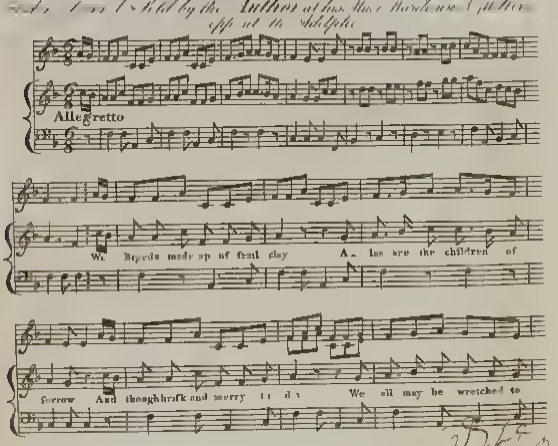
by

C. M. Dibdin Jr.

for his entertainment called

The WAGS, or

The Camp of Pleasure


Allegretto
We Bipeds made up of frail clay
As lus are the children of
Sorrow And though brisk and merry
We all may be wretched to

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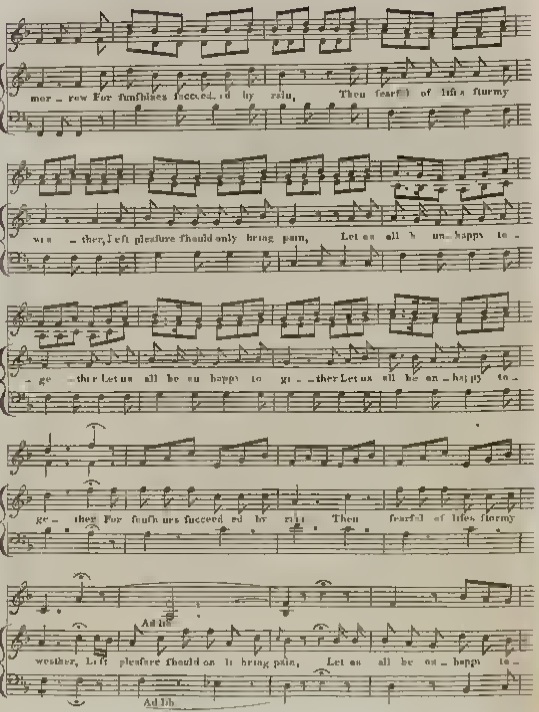
mor - row For sunshines succeed'd by rain, Then fearful of life's stormy
wea - ther, Left pleasure should only bring pain, Let us all be un - happy to -
- ge - ther Let us all be ca - happy to - gether Let us all be un - happy to -
ge - ther, For sunshines succeed'd by rain Then fearful of lifes stormy
Ad lib
weather, Left pleasure should on - ly bring pain, Let us all be un - happy to -
Ad lib

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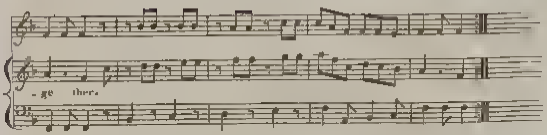

2

I grant the soft blessing we know
Is a friend, for true friendships a treasure,
And yet, left your friend prove a foe,
Oh 'tis not the dangerous pleasure

This friendships a flimsy affair
Tho' riches and health are a bubble,
'Tis there's nothing delightful but care,
Now any thing pleasing but trouble

3

If a spirit I would point out that lift
That on earth could be mirth to heaven
Let him, shunning his fears, their awful
To whom truth and honour are given

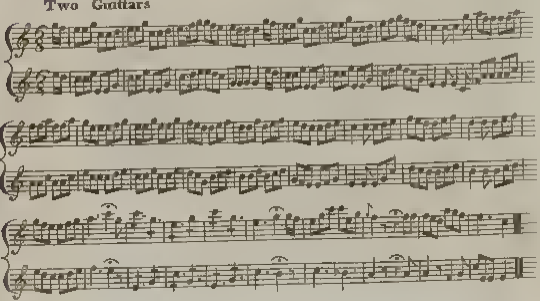
But honour and truth are so rare
And barter, when they are coming, a trick
That with all my respect to the fair,
I'd advise him to fight and live single

4

It appears from their grandfa plan
That wisdom is nothing but folly,
That pleasure's a term that means pain
And that joy is your true melancholy

That all those who laugh ought to cry
That to feel frisk and fun is be grieving,
And that since we must mourn at our
We should taste no enjoyment while living

Two Guittars



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Donna Della,

The much Admired Song,

Sung by Mr. Bland

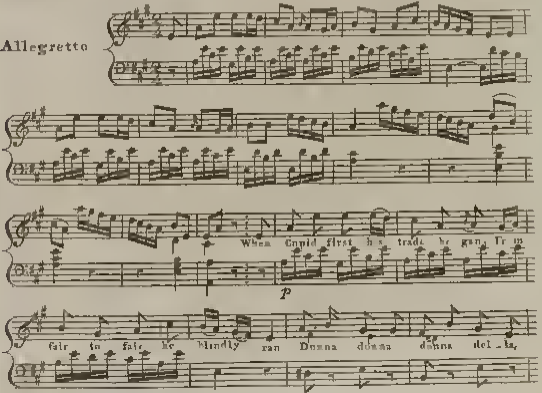
in the Opera of

Jack of Newbury,

Composed by Mr. Hook

London Printed & Sold at Bland & Weller's Music Warehouse 133 Oxford Street

Price



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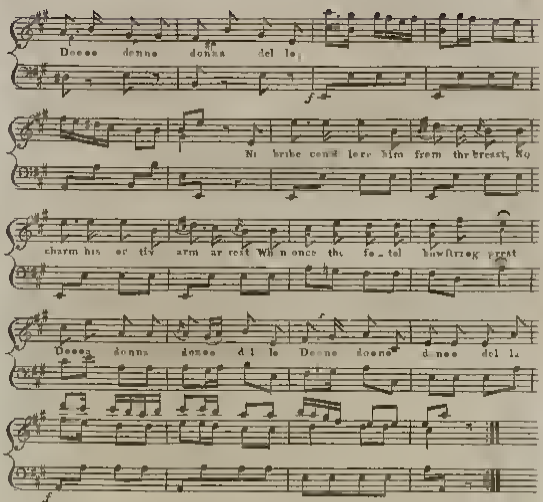
Deeee donne donna del le
Ni bribe could lure him from thr breast, No
charm his ar dy arm ar rest Wh n once the fe_tel bawstrzog prest
Deeee donna donee d l le Deene doene donee del le

2

But soon h- prudent greybeard caught,
Th little wanton god wee taught
Donne donne donna della
His eimd eet kliedly es of old,
His arrowe bleet d were with gold,
Like other traffick bought & sold
Donne donee donne della.

3

And now with kitrift hend to hand,
He holde the world et his command,
Deens donee donee della.
And fure it is li fi te of art,
H chence to teech en heaset heart
That egr forgot to tip the dert
Donee donna donne della.

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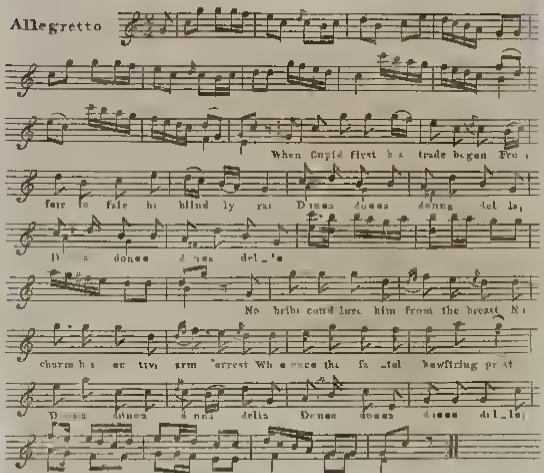
GUITTAR


Allegretto
When Cupid first his trade began Pro
fair to fale his blind ly ran Donna donna donna della
Donna donna donna della
No bribi could lure him from the breast No
charm his active arm arrest Wh ence this fatal bowffring pr ft
Donna donna donna della Donna donna donna della
1
2
3

But soon by prudent greybeards taught,
The fifth weapon god was taught,
Donna donna donna della
He aimd not blindly as of old,
His arrows blunted were with gold,
Like other trafficks bought and fold—
Donna donna donna della

And now with interest hand in hand
He holds the world at his command
Donna donna donna della
And fore it is if spite of art,
He chance to touch an honest heart,
That age forgot to tip the dart
Donna donna donna della

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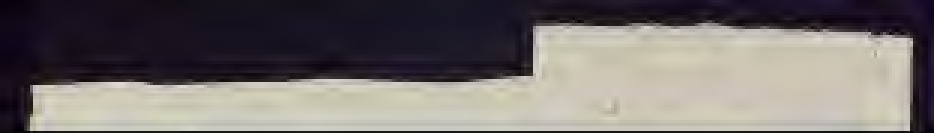

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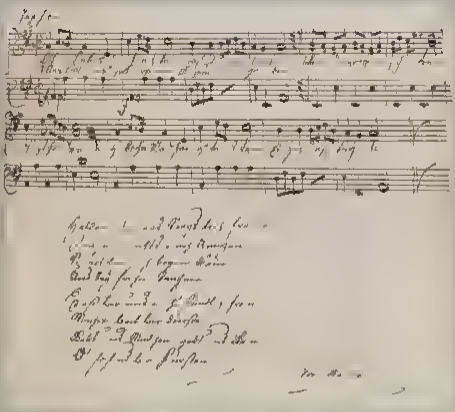

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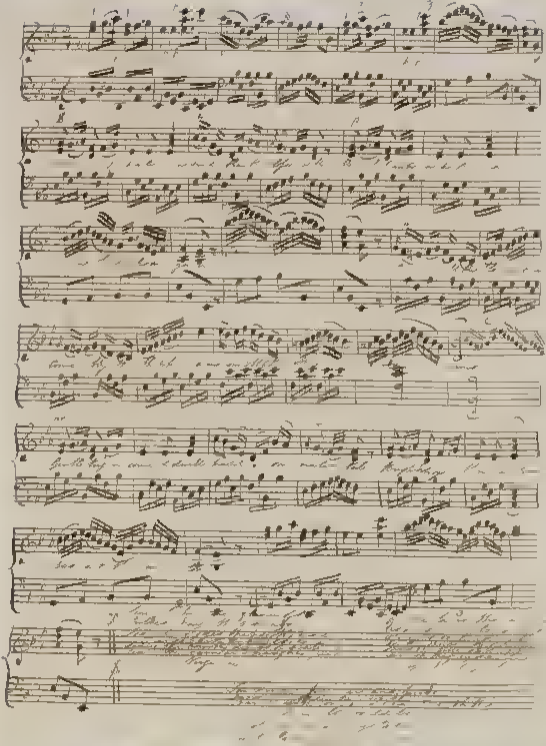

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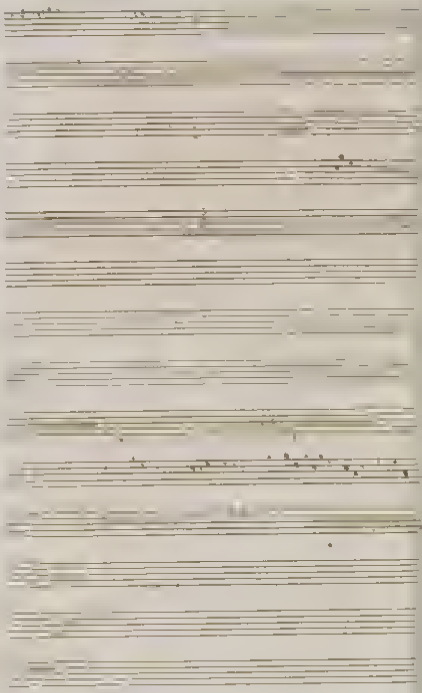

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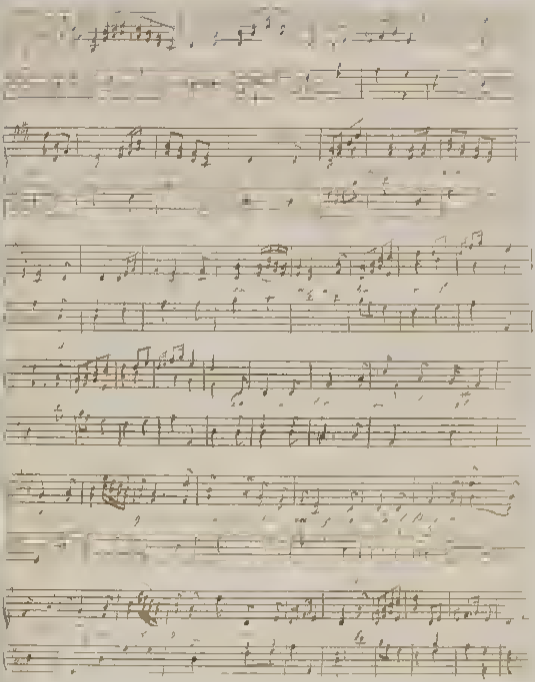

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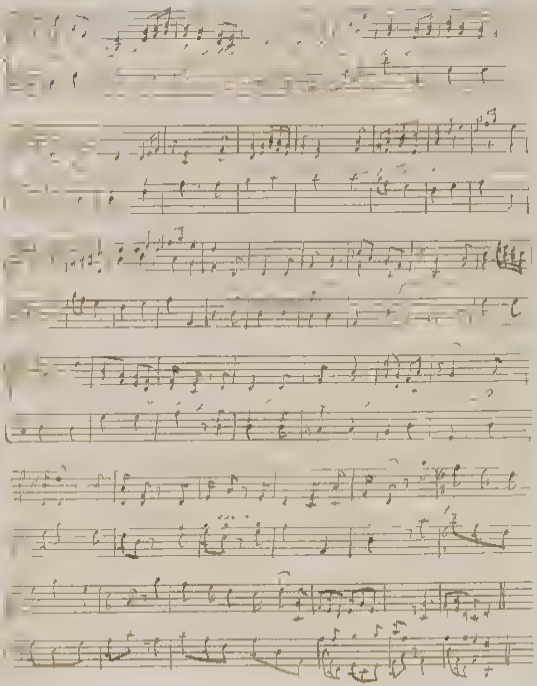

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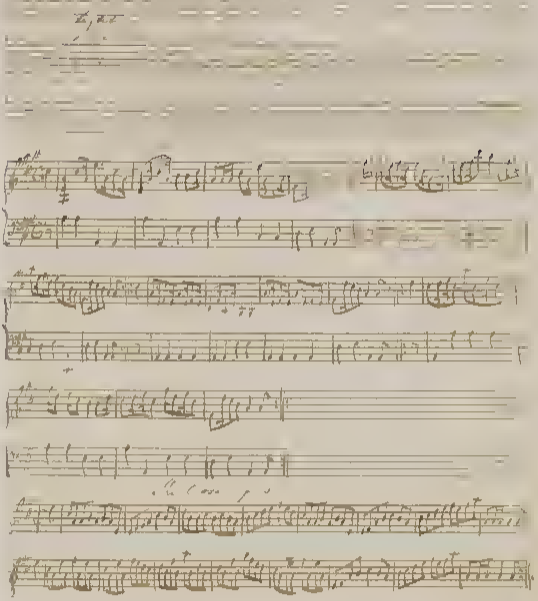

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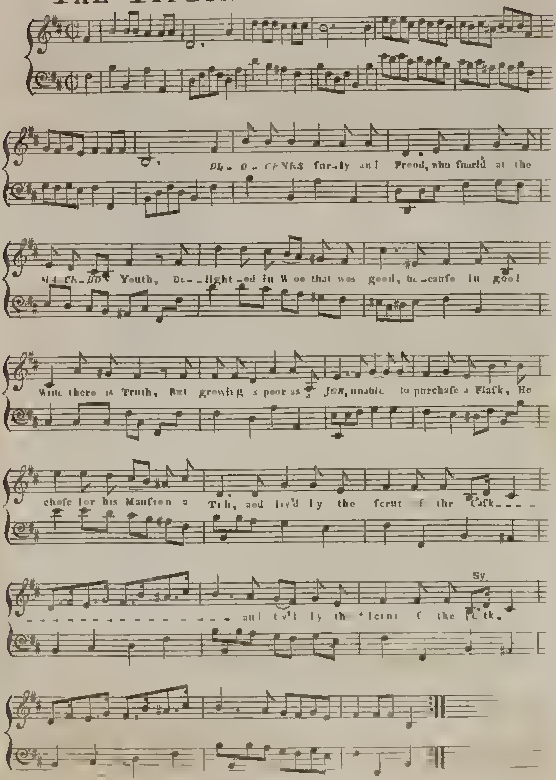
The Tipling Philosophers


Phe - o - CRVS fur-ly an! Friend, who fmirk'd at the
wid Ch-ice Youth, De-light-ed in Wo-e that was good, be-cause In good!
With there is Truth, But growing s poor as a Jew, unable to purchase a Flask, He
chofe for his Mantion a Tub, and liv'd by the ferm of the Cask - - -
Sy
- - - -

2

[illegible] was mov'd [illegible]
[illegible] Church his [illegible]
[illegible] he was mandlin & Merry
[illegible] I had empty'd his Quart,
They [illegible] was so foolish to think
They [illegible] at Morality and Vice
'Twas only his Fashion to drink,
'Till the Liquor flow'd out of his Eyes.

3

DEMOCRITUS always was pleas'd
Of a Bumper, to cheer up his Soul,
And would Laugh, like a man that was mad,
Wh[illegible] a good Flowing Bowl
Was long, as his Collar was Pow'rful,
Th[illegible] Liquor held merrily Quall,
And when it was drunk as a Lord
All that were sober had Laugh

4

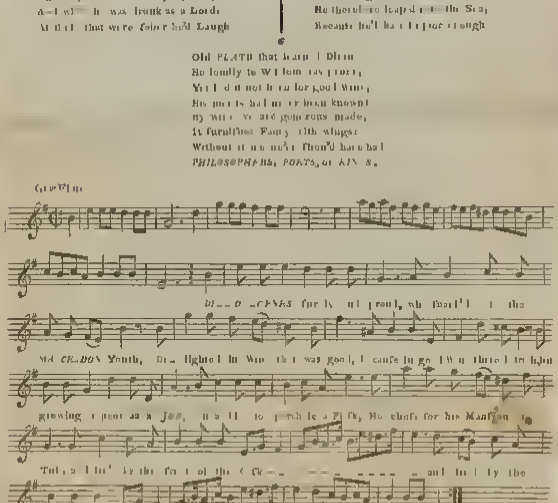
EPICURUS [illegible]
Behold[illegible]
And thought [illegible]
Made Reason [illegible]
With Wine [illegible]
And made [illegible] DIOGENES [illegible]
Their Tub the World [illegible]
For Mirth [illegible]

5

ARISTOTLE [illegible]
Had Pride [illegible]
And what [illegible]
Are lit to [illegible]
His Belly, most [illegible]
Was as big as a Watering Trough,
He therefore to Inspire [illegible]
Because he'd a Liquor enough

6

Old PLATO that learn'd Divine
He lowly to William was prone,
Yet did not he for good Wine,
His merits he'd not or been known
By which we are generous made,
It furnishes Fancy with Wings:
Without it we ne'er should have had
PHILOSOPHERS, POETS, or KINGS.



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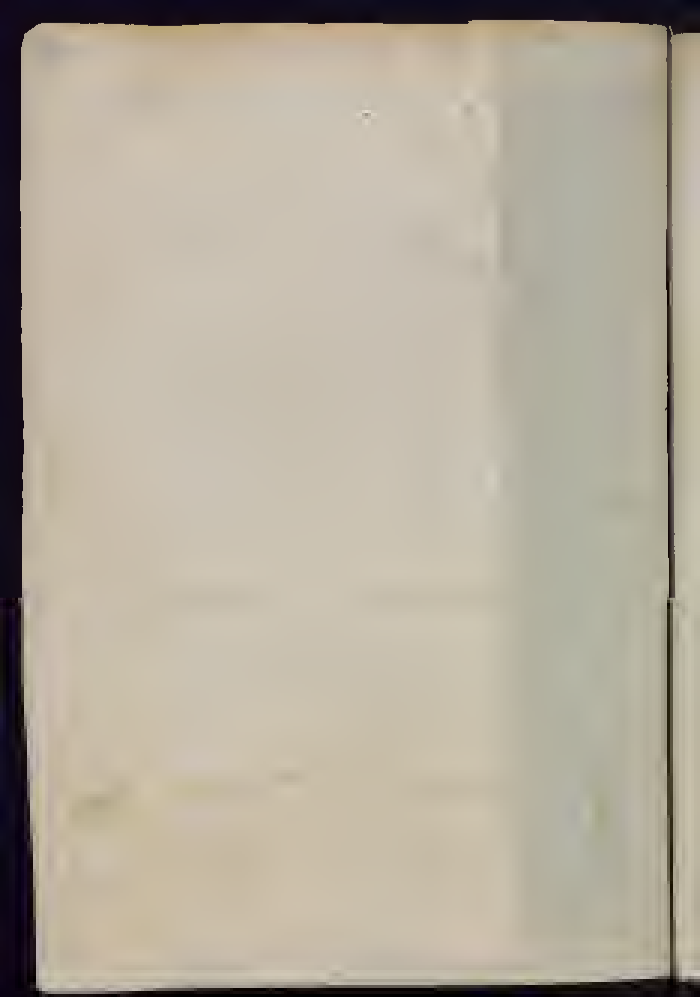
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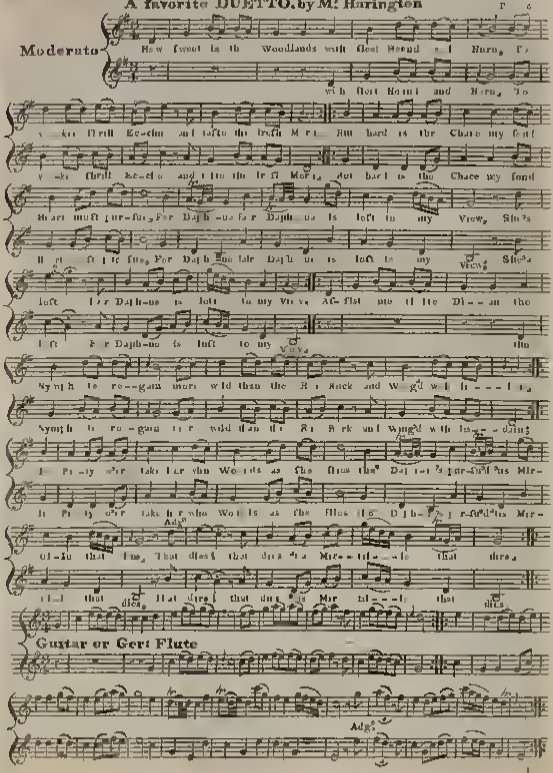
How sweet in the Woodlands.

A favorite DUETTO. by Mr Harington


Moderato
How sweet is the Woodlands with Oboe Bassoon and Horn, To
with flute Bassoon and Horn, To
with thrill Echo and taste the fresh Morn, But hard is the Chace my fond
with thrill Echo and taste the fresh Morn, But hard is the Chace my fond
Heart must pur-sue, For Daph-ne so fair Daph-ne is left to my View, She's
Heart must pur-sue, For Daph-ne so fair Daph-ne is left to my View, She's
left For Daph-ne is left to my View, At first me it to Di-an the
left For Daph-ne is left to my View, the
Nymph to re-gain more wild than the Roe Buck and Wingd with fear flies
Nymph to re-gain more wild than the Roe Buck and Wingd with fear flies
In Purity vie take for the Words as the Flow'rs that Dew-drops Mix-
In Purity vie take for the Words as the Flow'rs that Dew-drops Mix-
Adgo
ed that sing, That dies, that dies, that sing, Mix-ed that dies,
ed that sing, That dies, that dies, that sing, Mix-ed that dies,
Guitar or Gert Flute
Adgo

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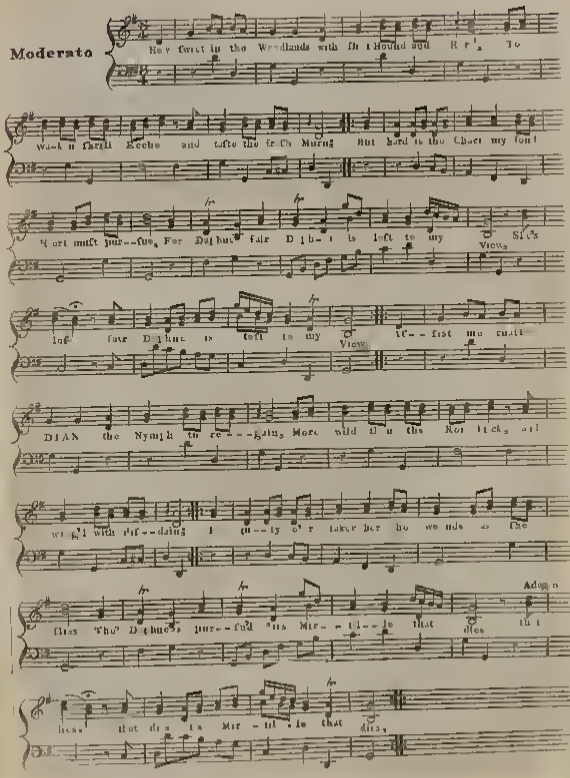
For the Voice and Harpsicord.


Moderato
How sweet in the Woodlands with Health and Joy to
wake in early Morning and taste the fresh Morning But hark in the Chace my Soul
Short must your Joys be, For Daphne fair Daphne is left to my
Views Slaves
for Daphne is left to my Views
fir-est the earth
DIAN the Nymph in green Habit More wild than the Roe ticks or
will with pleasing I envy her love as the
Adagio
flies The Daphnes joyful this Mirtillo that dies
Ah!
hear that dies Mirtillo that dies.

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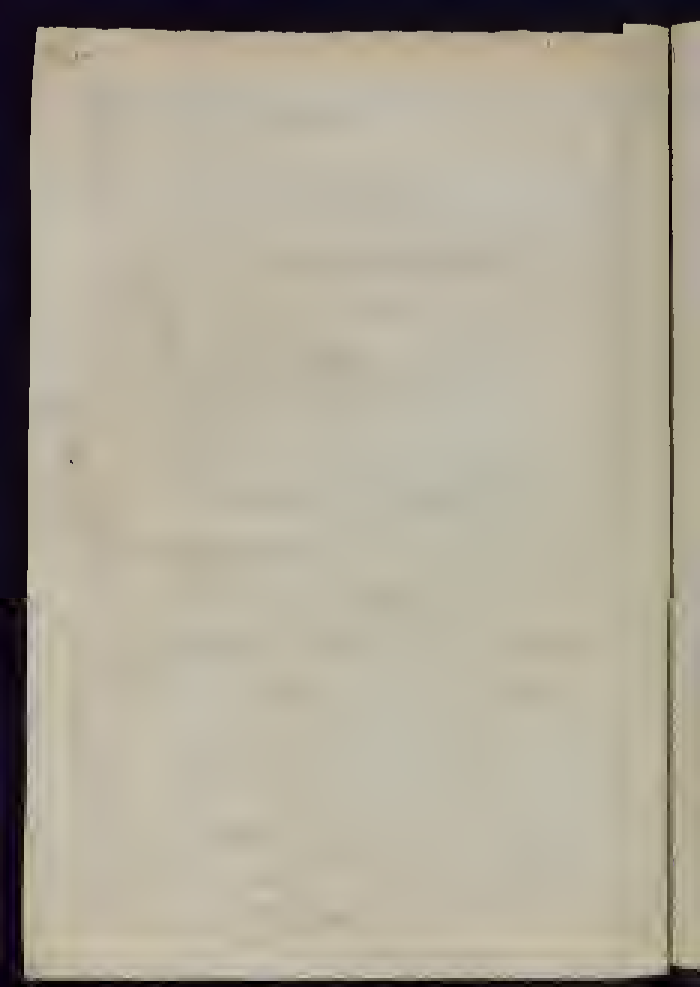
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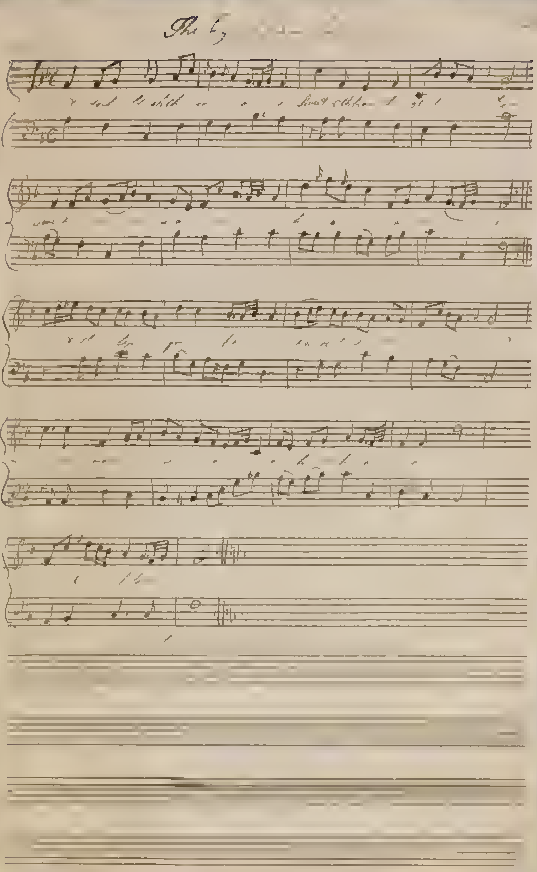

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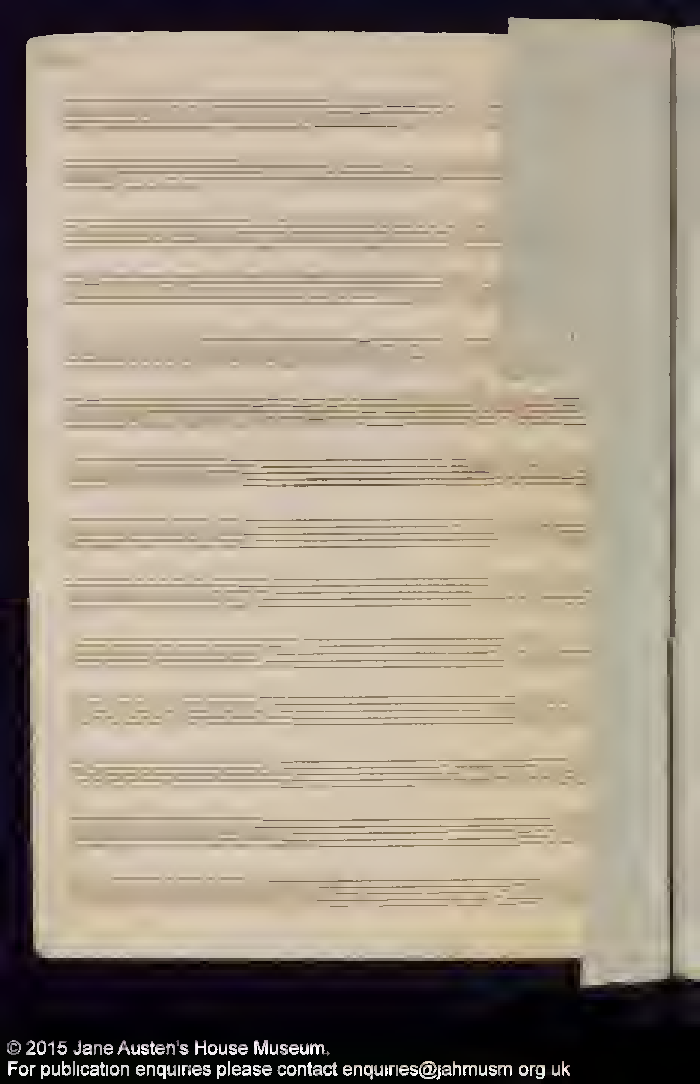

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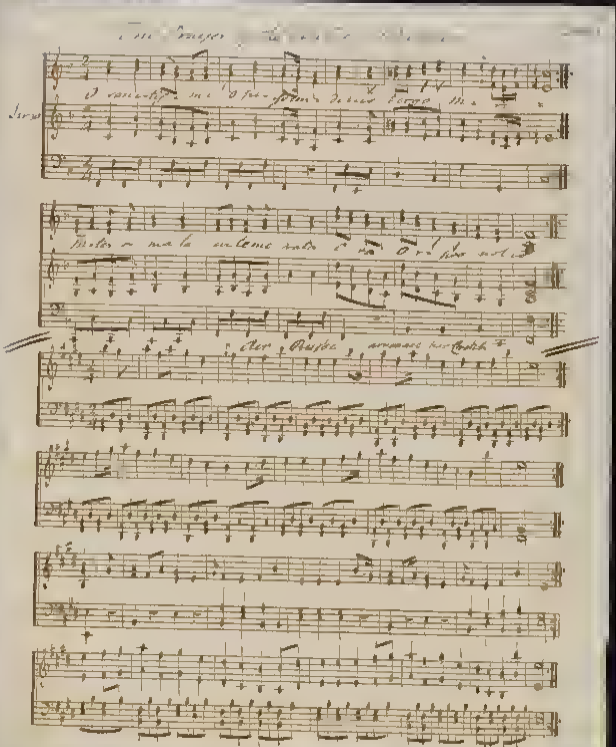

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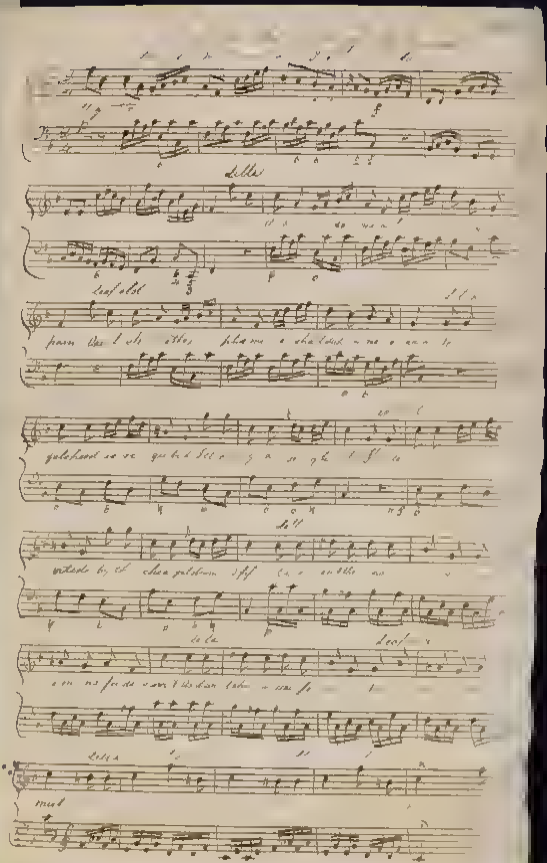

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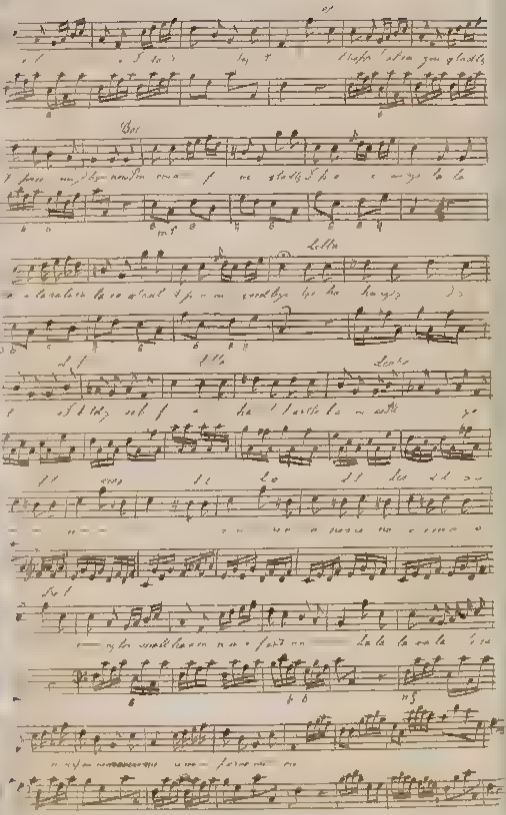

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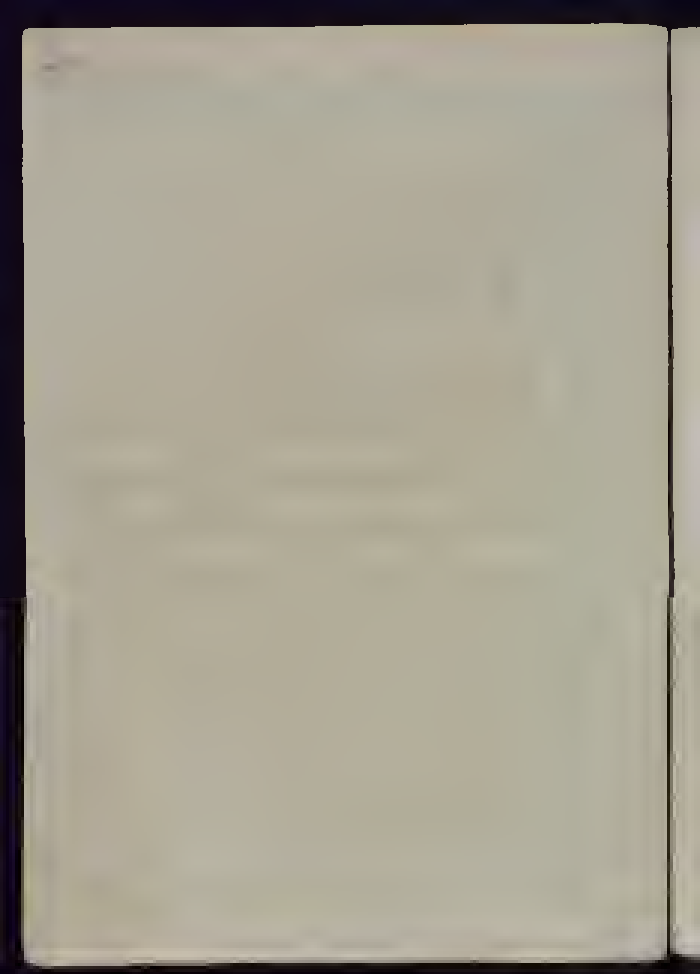
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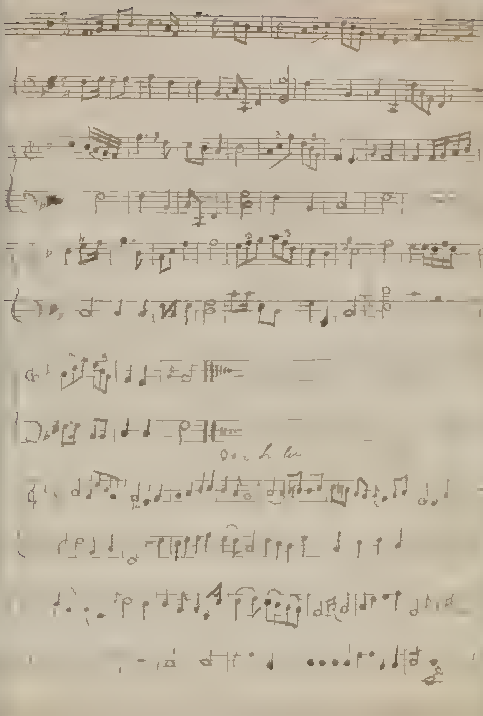

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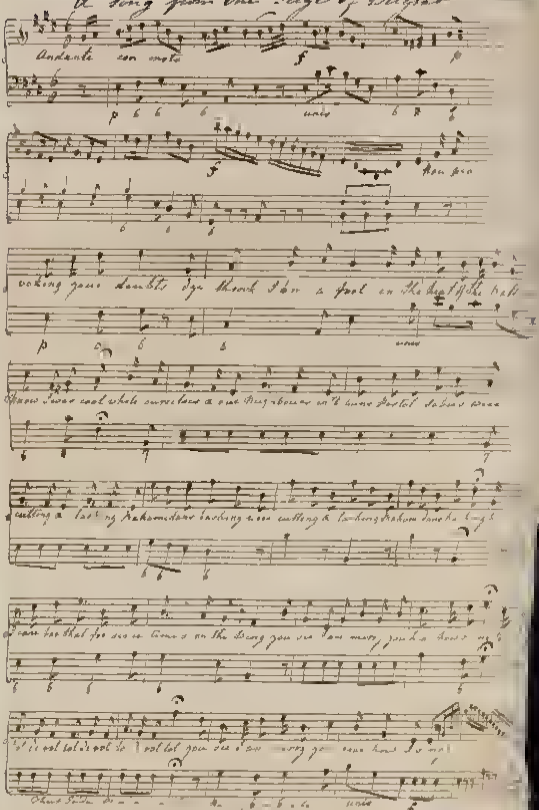
A song from the Siege of Belgrad
Andante con moto
Adagio
waking yours doubtfs Eye thereat I'am a fool on the Sea of fifth hell
Whose Swan coal white curves lave a rose Bug-bower with lime fortel to her wave
curling a lasting Ashamedare looking a sea curling & lowering shame love ha long
Can be that for sea a time on the Sing you are Sea many pain a sea
Ah! it cal lol's cool to cal lol pain sea's sea many pain sea sea how pain
Chant Sea

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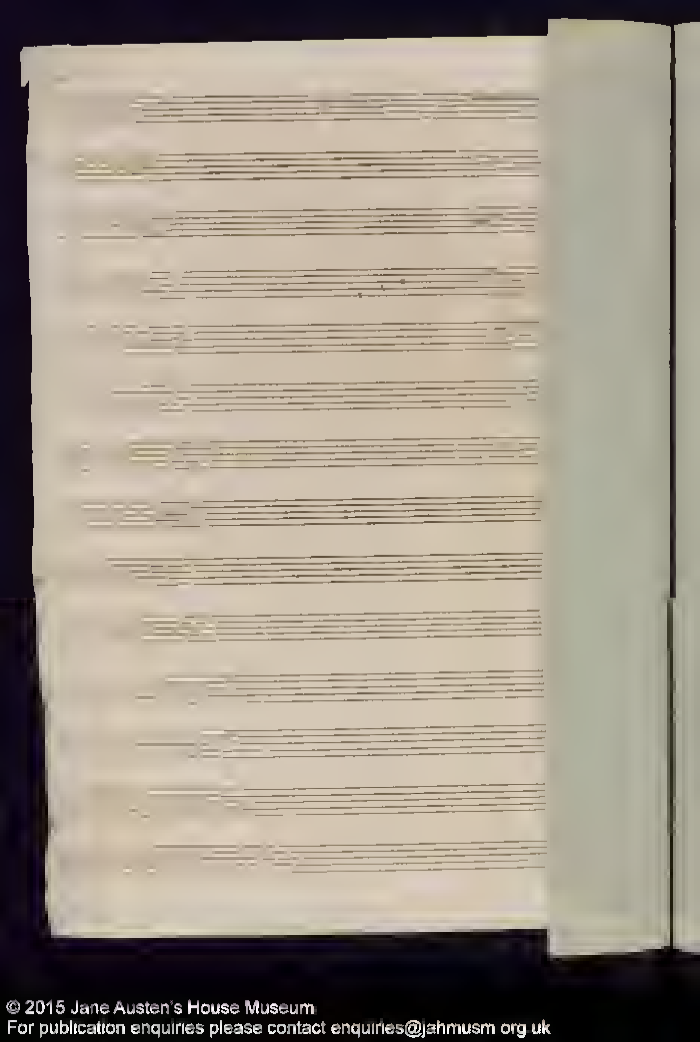

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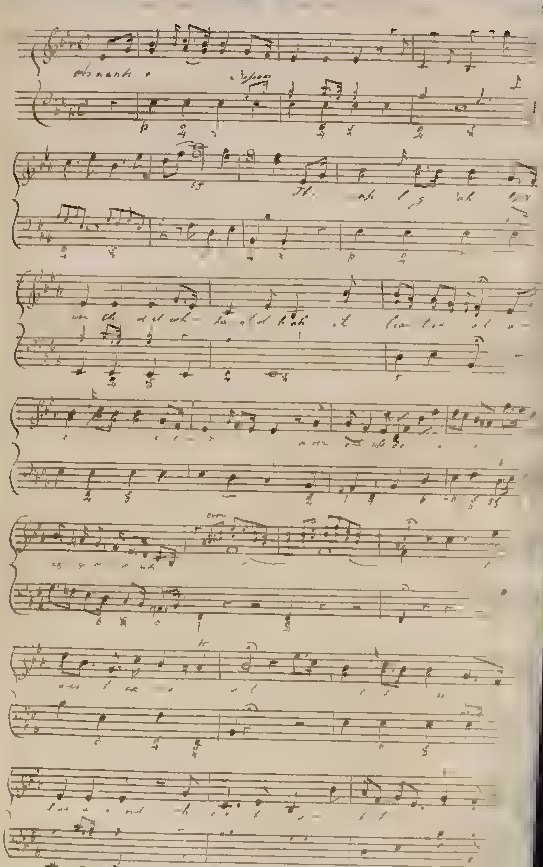

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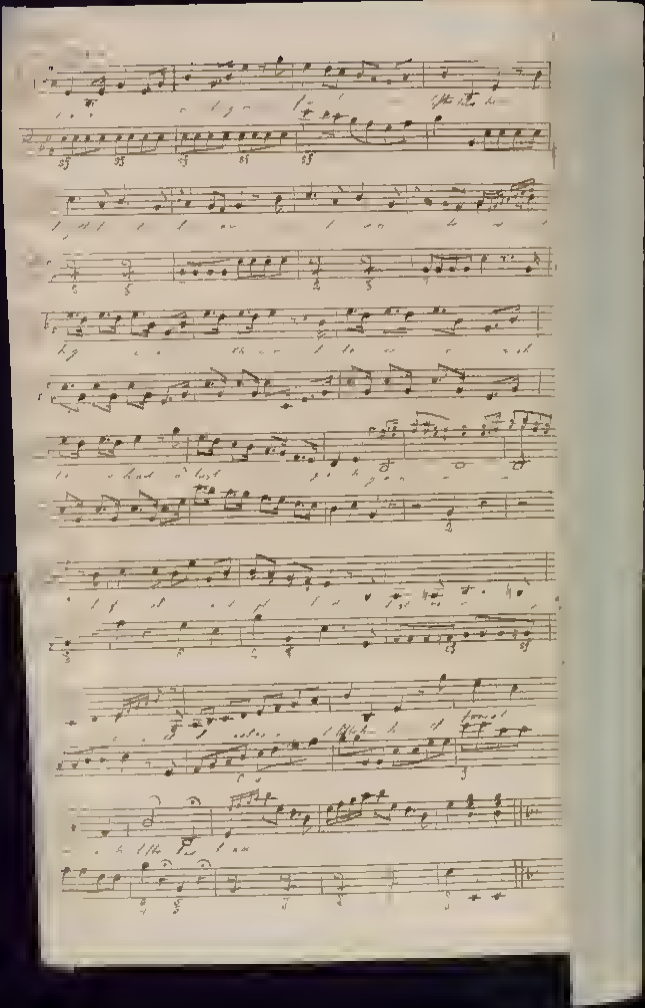

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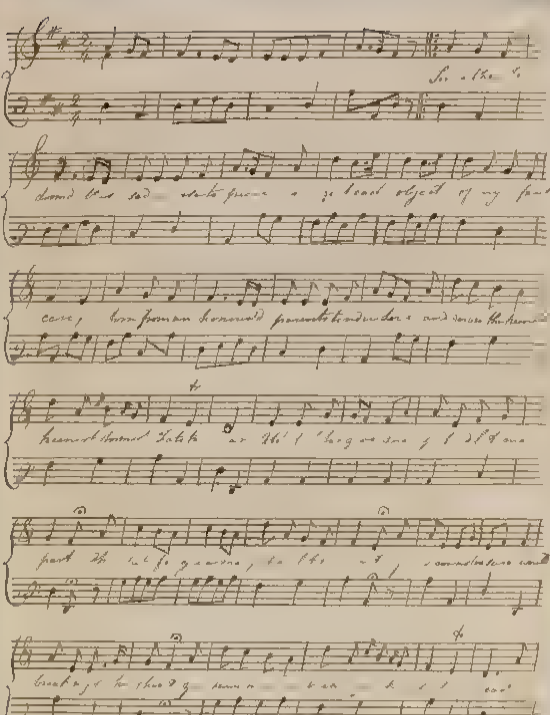

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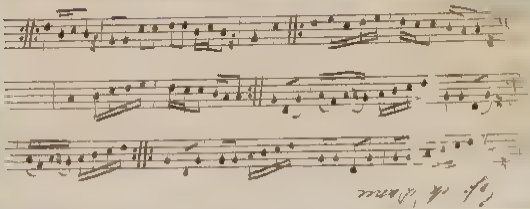

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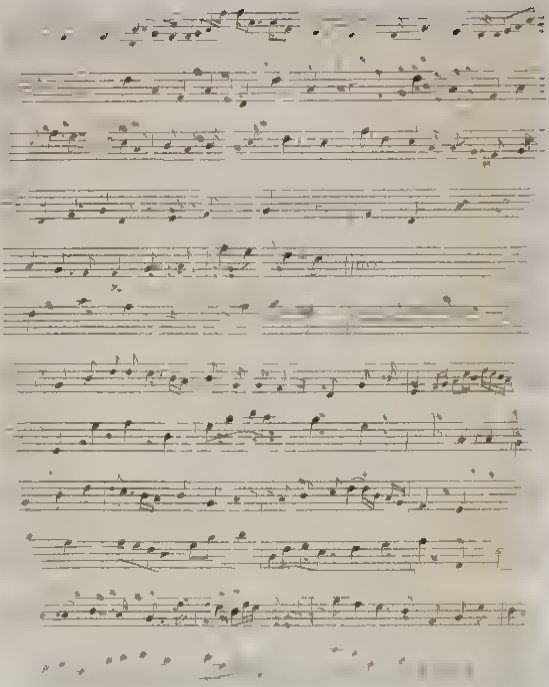

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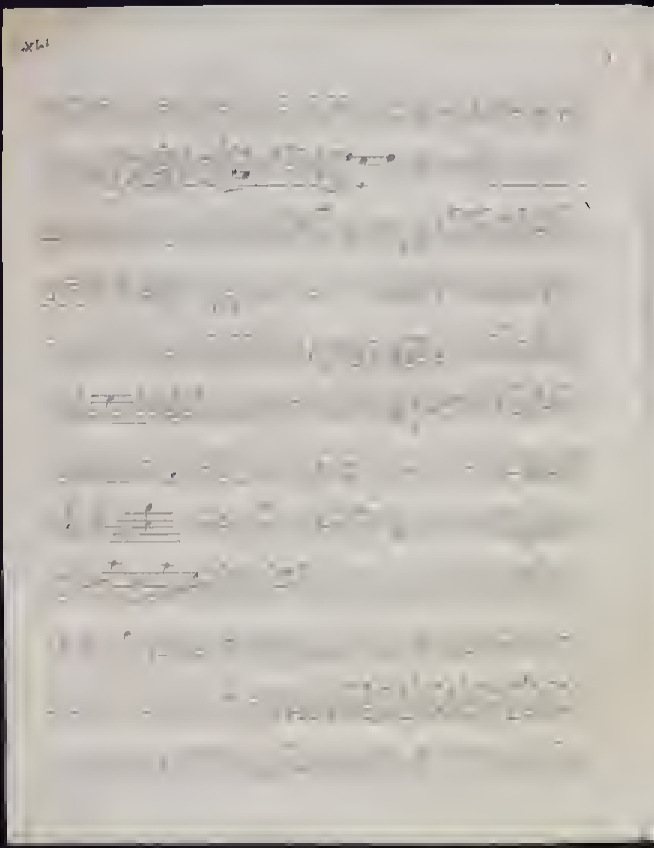

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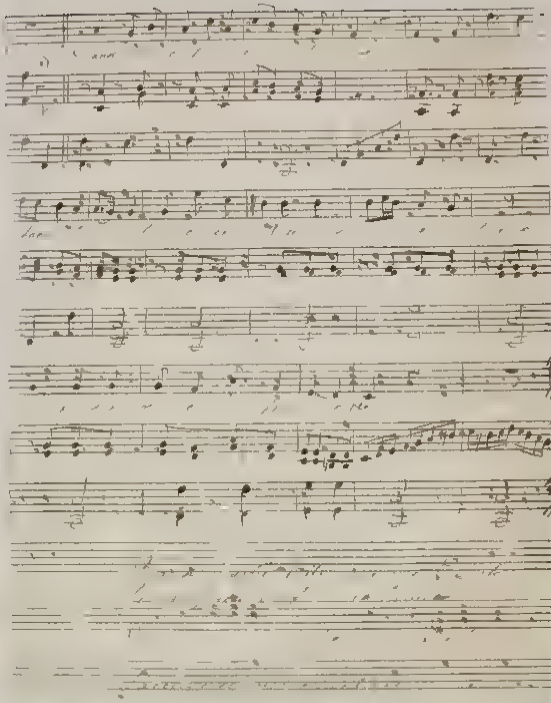

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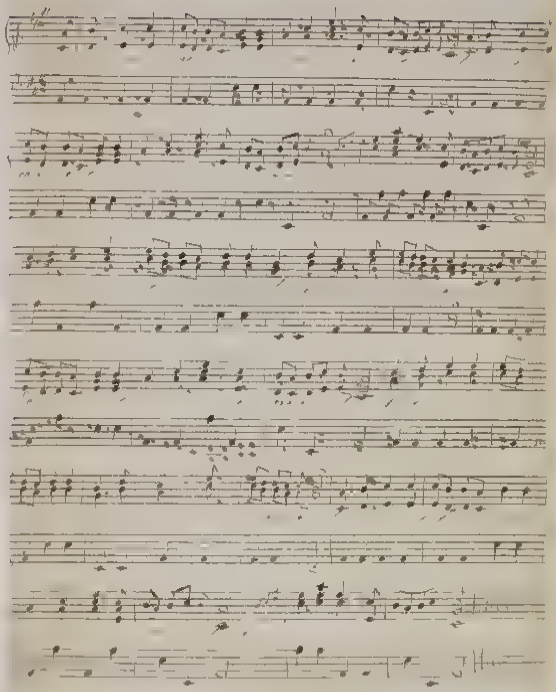

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GOD SAVE THE KING

With New Variations

Dedicated to Miss Pigou

Grove House Putney Common

by

J. WATLEN.

Entr'ac Beat[s] Flute

Fr 1[s]

London Printed by Wm Watlen at the Musical Repository & Subscription Music Library —
No 19 Great Russel Street Covent Garden

Andante

VAR I

Entered at Stationers Hall

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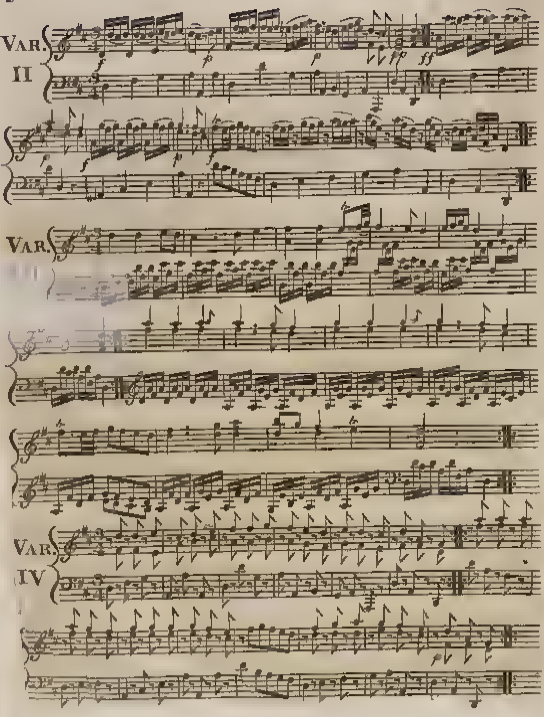

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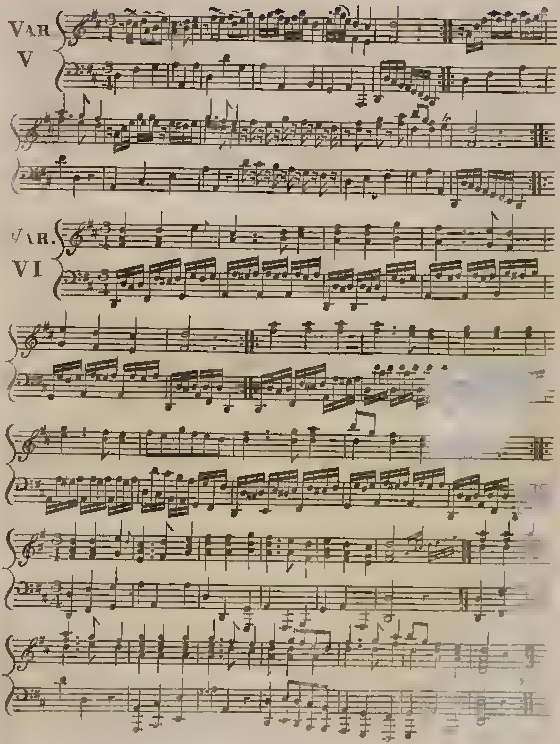

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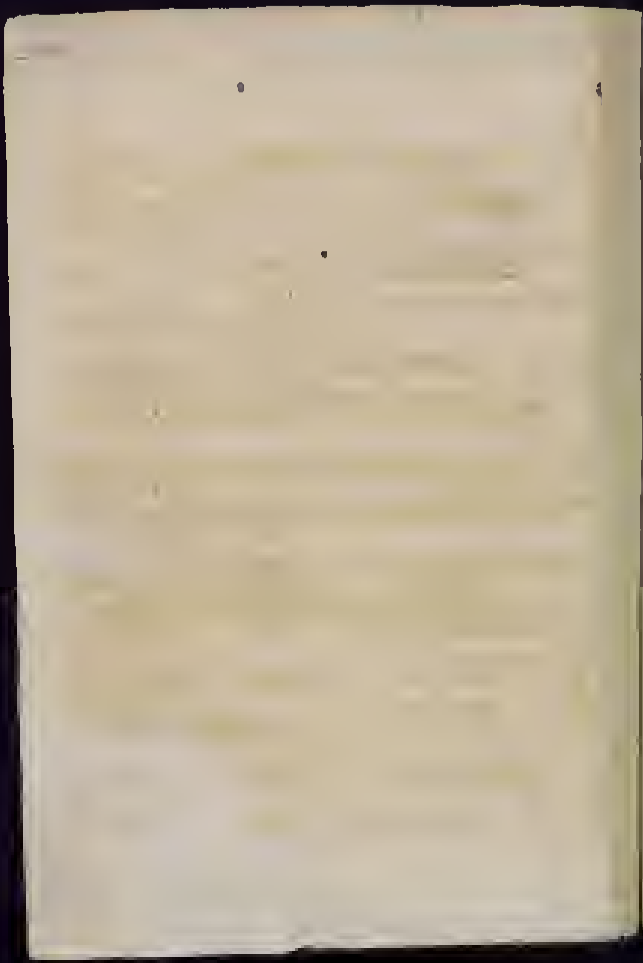
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MY [illegible] MOTHER

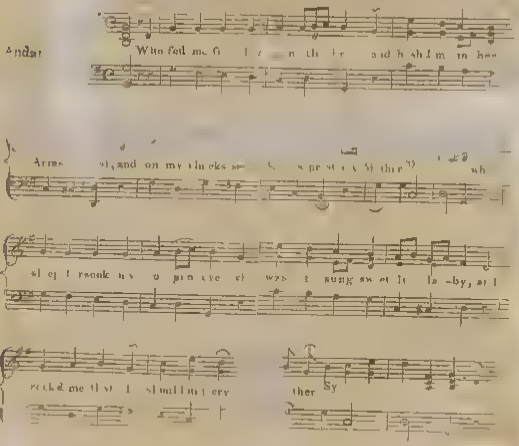
[illegible] SONG,

[illegible] COMPOSED BY

[illegible] Allen

[illegible] Pupils

[illegible] and [illegible] Augusta Sewell.


Andante
When first me fi[illegible]n th[illegible]and h shl m in her
Arms st and on my cheeks s[illegible] pr s s thir[illegible]
sl ep I reck n s g m ve s wa s sung as s[illegible]t la-by, as I
rocked me th s I sh ml n ery
ther Sy

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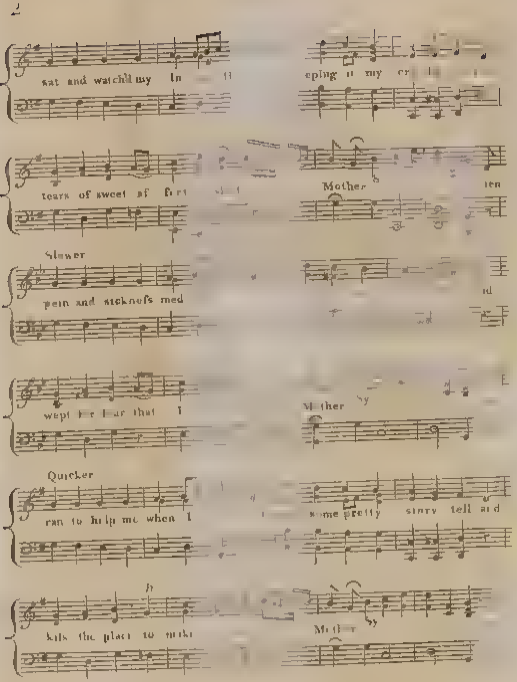

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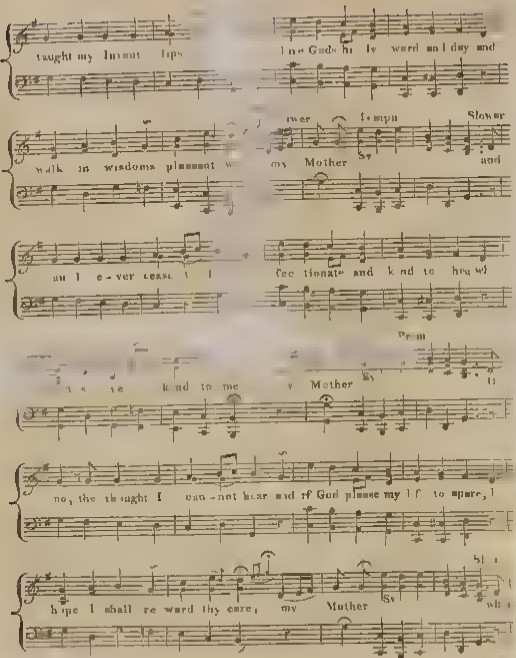
taught my Infant lips
love God ful ly ward and day and
walk in wisdoms pleasant
my Mother
and
an I e-ver cease
fec tionate and kind to how
Mother
no, the thought I can-not bear and if God please my life to spare,
hope I shall re ward thy care, my Mother

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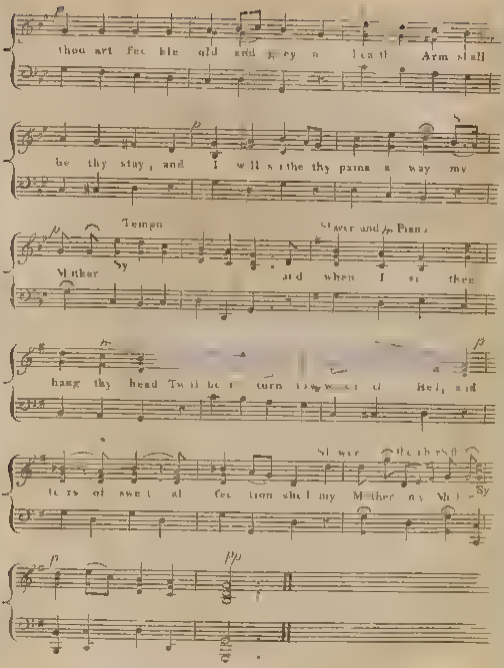
thou art fee ble old and grey n Death Arm shall
be thy stay, and I will s rthe thy pains a way my
Tempo
Sweet and p Piano
Mother Sy
and when I sr thee
hang thy head Twill be r turn to sweet Hel, and
Sweet the thrift
te rs of sweet af fec tion shall my Mother rs Sy

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A BACHELOR'S HALL

written and compound

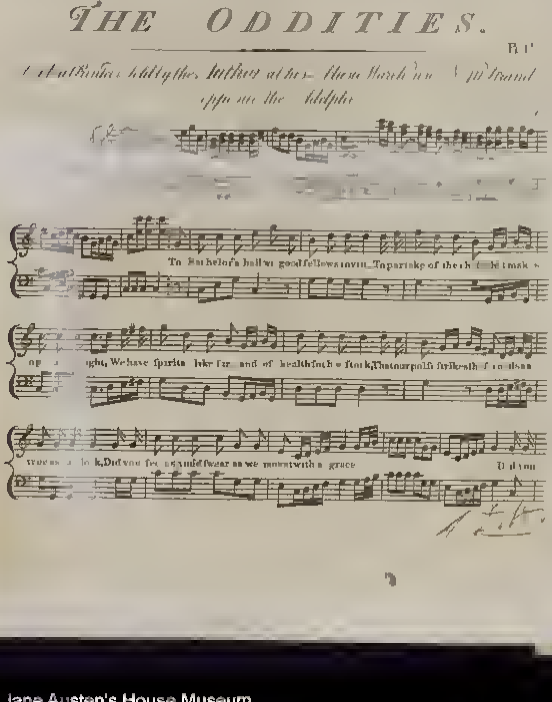
By

Mr DIBDIN

for his entertainment

called

THE ODDITIES.


To Bachelor's hall we'll go all fellows with us, A sparkle of the bowl shall make us
up right, We have spirits like fire and of health such a flask, That our pulse shall strike health to us all
travers a look, Did we e'er unbend brow as we meet with a grace

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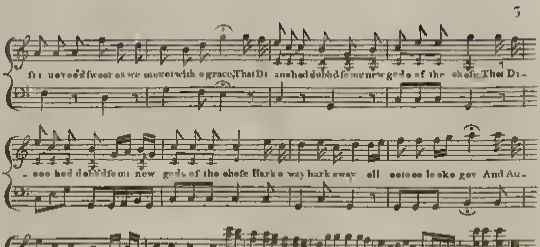
— ees had deliver'd from new gods of the chofe Hark o way hark away oil ocioco lo ke gov And Au-
— ees with fmiles fhees in his height da

Bet le be le ri e ri e ri e ri e ri e
Who the Squire's Neck or nothing, and that we'll prove
Hark away hark away,
While our fpirits are gay,
Let us drink to the joys of the next coming day

2

Thro' for hounds there was Nimble fo well that climbs an hill
And Conqueror, a good one at leaping a five
Little Pilgrim, like a maid who will ferret and feech
And hattle-headed Hawkeye, fo dear to a Church,
Young Sly-look, that fcents the fireeg breeze from the South
And merical Bellwether, with his deep mouth
Hark away &c

3

Our horfes thus all of the very beft blood,
Tis not likely we'll eafily find fuch a flock;
And for hounds our opponents with theirs we'll back
That all England throughout, nor its province fuch a pack
Then be jog difcolkent vex dogs, horfes, and crew,
Away we fet off, for the fox is in view—
Hark away &c

4

Sly Accords brought home while the hoone found a call
And now unity all welcome to Bachelors Hall;
Thi fwevry Sir-loin, grateful fmoaks on the board,
And Bacchus goose wine from his fource it hoops;
Come on then, do honour to this jovial plan,
And enjoy the fweet pleafures that fpring from the chafe
Hark away &c—

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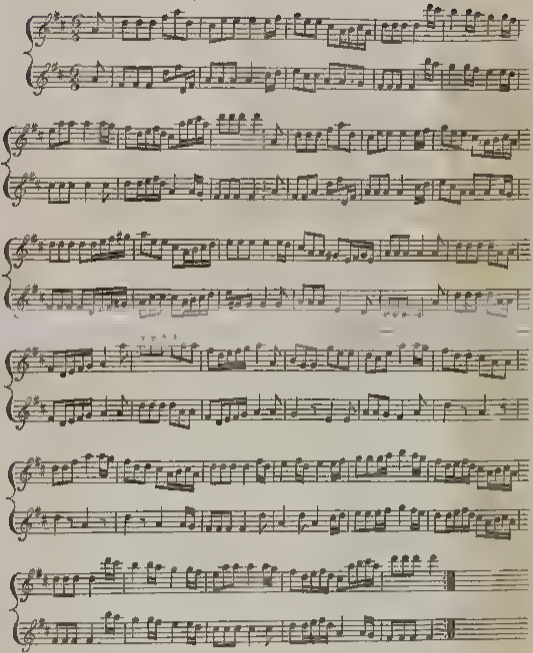
For two Flutes



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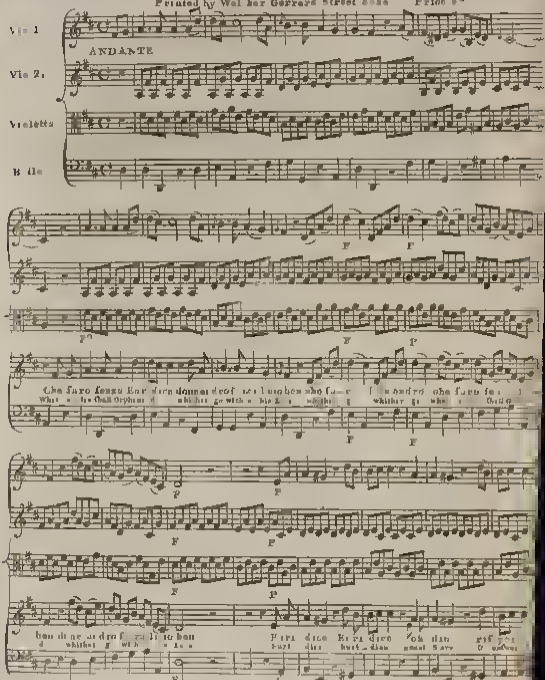
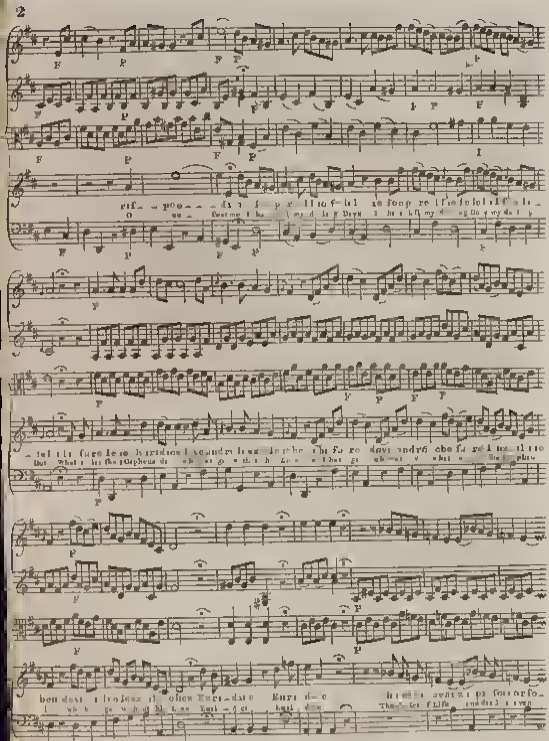
A Favourite Song

Sung by Mr Lonsdale at the Theatre Royal in Covent Garden. Compos'd by Mr Clark
Printed by Walker Gerrard Street Soho Price 6d


Vln 1
ANDANTE
Vln 2.
Violetta
B dle
Che farò senza Euridice dove andrò che farò senza
What a - lone Orpheus shall go with - out his love whither
Ah che
Ah che
Ah che



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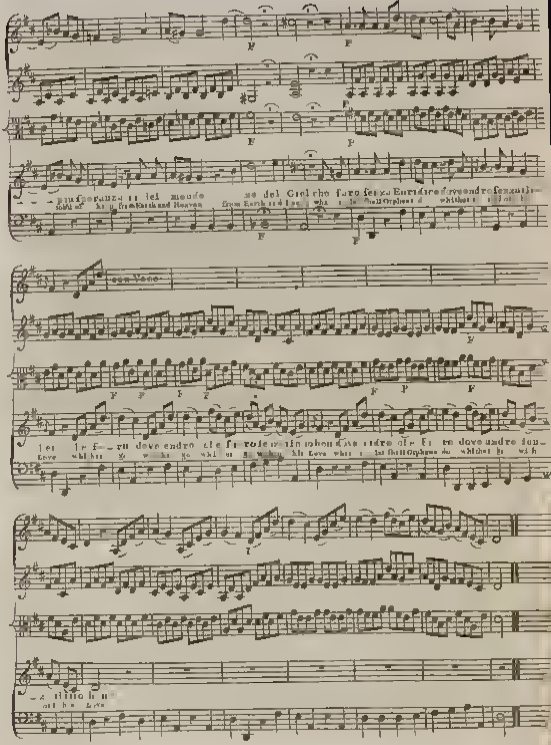

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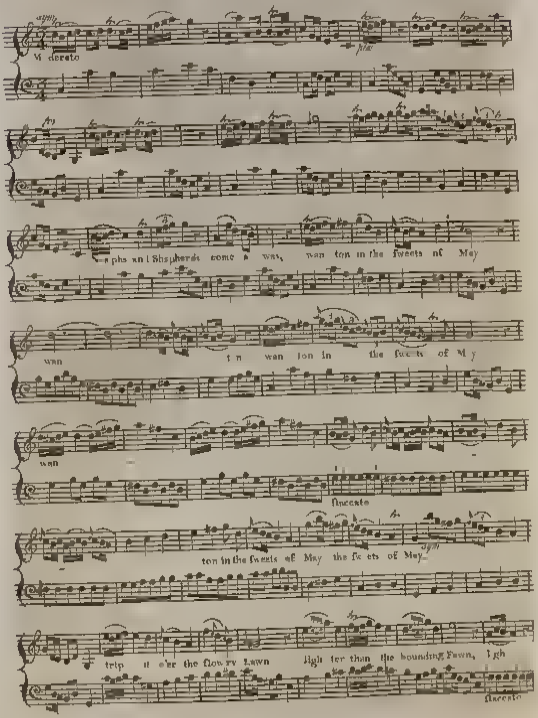
1

Nymphs and Shepherds

Sung by Miss Brent at Ranelagh and by Mrs Vincent at Vaux Hall Gardens Set by Doctor Arne


Moderato
Nymphs and Shepherds come away, wan ton in the sweets of May
wan ton in the sweets of May
wan
staccato
ton in the sweets of May the fe ets of May
trip it o'er the flowry Lawn light ter than the bounding Fawn, light
staccato

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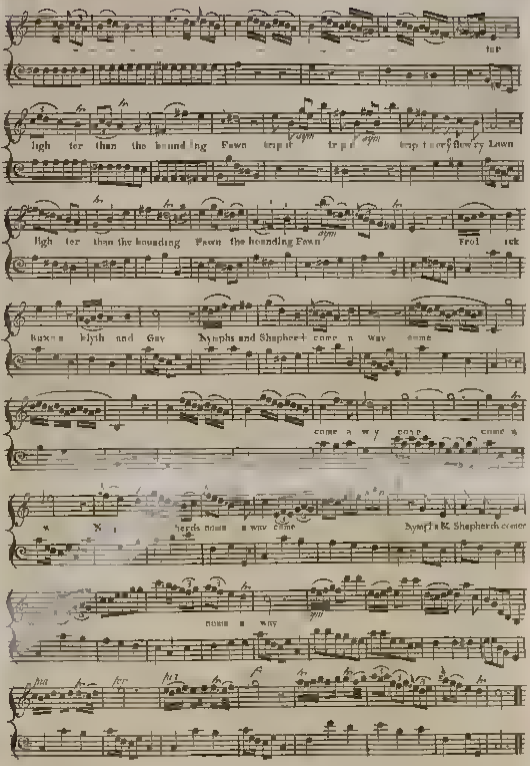
lighter than the bounding Fawn trip it trip it trip it over flowry Lawn
lighter than the bounding Fawn the bounding Fawn Frol ick
Buxom blyth and Gay Nymphs and Shepherds come away come
come away come come away
Nymphs and Shepherds come away come
come away
Nymphs & Shepherds come

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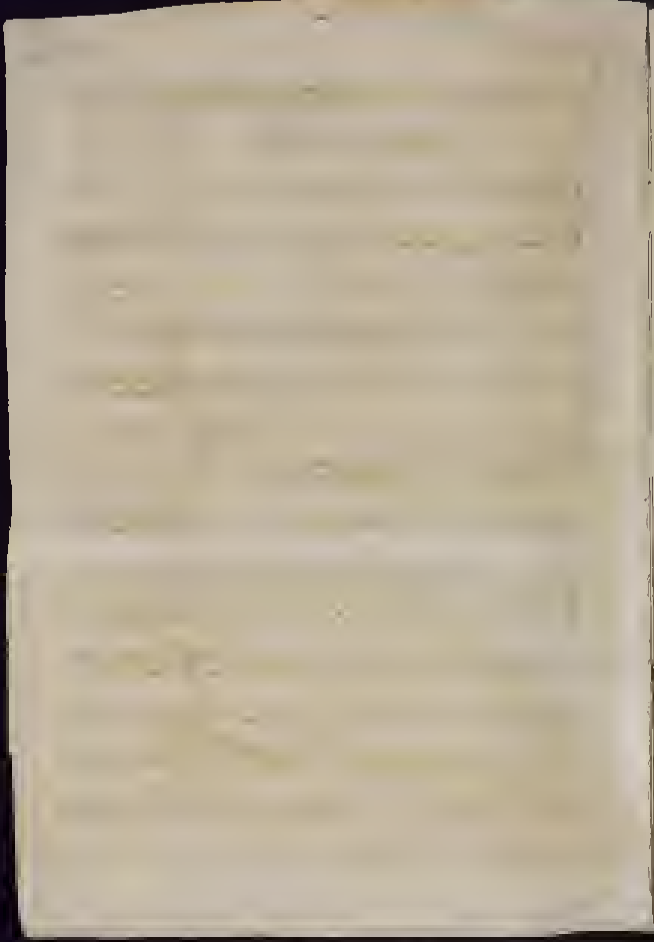

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Poor Ora tink of Yankee doar

FAVOURITE SONG

Sung by

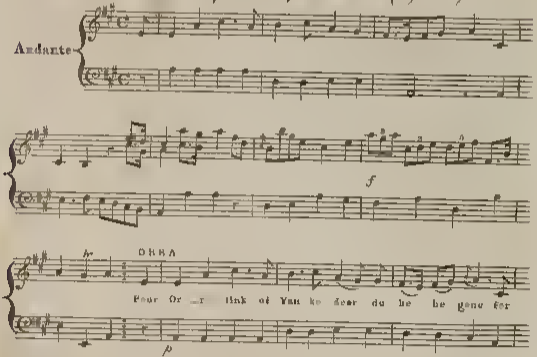
Mrs KENNEDY in the ISLANDERS.

Compos'd by Mr Dibdin

Price 6d

LONDON

Pubd for the Proprietors by Thompson No 75 St Pauls Church Yard



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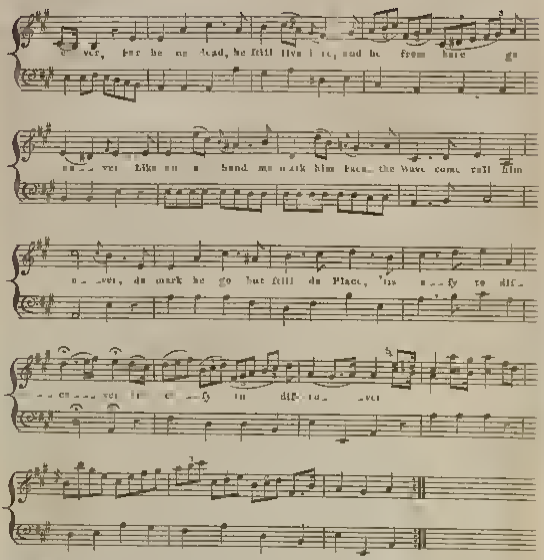
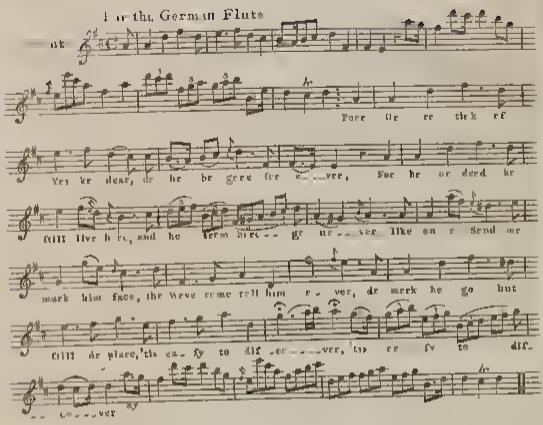
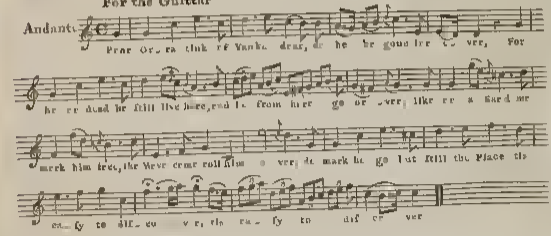

ver, tho he no dead, he still live here, and he from hare go
ever, Like no a hund me mark him been the wave come roll him
ever, du mark he go but still du Place, 'tis ery to dif
ever ever ever

For the German Flute


Poor Ge ra thk rf
Ver ke dear, de he he gone fur e ver, For he or dead he
still live here, and he from here go or ver like on e Send me
mark him face, the Neve come roll him e ver, de mark he go but
still de place, the ea sy to dif ver ver, tis re fy to dif
ver

For the Guitar


Andante
Poor Ge ra thk rf Vanke. dear, de he he gone fur e ver, For
he or dead he still live here, and he from here go or ver like on e Send me
mark him free, the Neve come roll him e ver, de mark he go but still the Place tis
ea sy to dif ge ver, tis ea sy to dif ge ver

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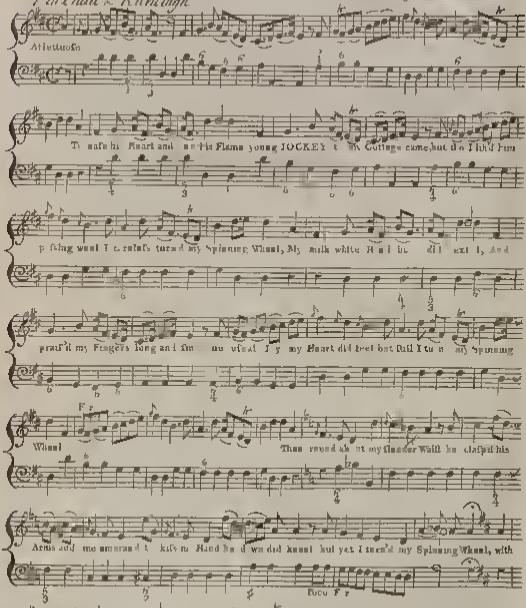
I SCOTCH AIR in the OVERTURE to THOMAS [illegible]

[illegible] by Mrs Arne Sung by Mrs Jordan and Mrs [illegible]
in Thomas & Sally


Allegretto
To make his Heart and win his Flame young JOCKEY to My Cottage came, but he I find Fun
ishing would I neither turned my Spinning Wheel, My milk white Hand he did extol, And
prais'd my Fingers long and fine but what I fey my Heart did feel but still I turn'd my Spinning
Wheel
Then round about my slender Waist he clasp'd his
Arms and me unwary kiss'd, his Hand he would have found but yet I turn'd my Spinning Wheel, with
Poco F
gentle Scorn I bid him rise he blush'd my Neck my Lips and Eyes my Kindness I could

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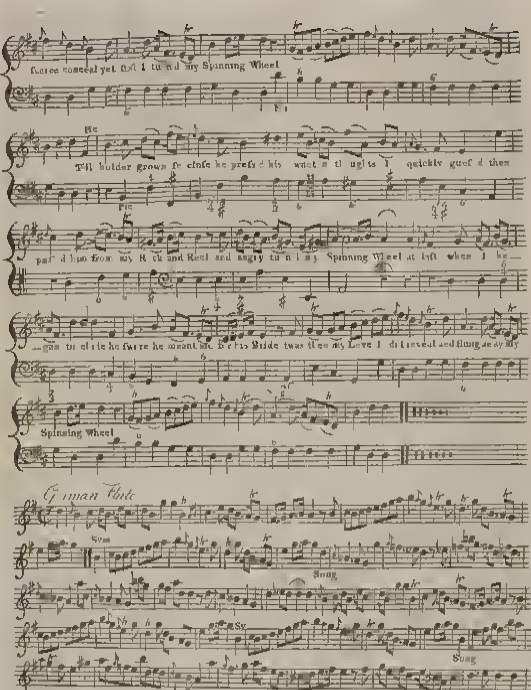
Turn'd round yet still I turn'd my Spinning Wheel
He
Till bolder grown he crept he prest his wont ed sighs I quickly guess'd them
Pia
part'd him from my Rock and Reel and angry turn'd my Spinning Wheel at first when I be-
gan to think he knew he meant me for his Bride twas then my Love I drew and flung away my
Spinning Wheel
German Flute
Syn
Symp
Sy
Symp
Sy

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A Favourite Song 1

in the New COMEDY of the HEIRESS,

as performed with unbounded Applause at Drury Lane Theatre

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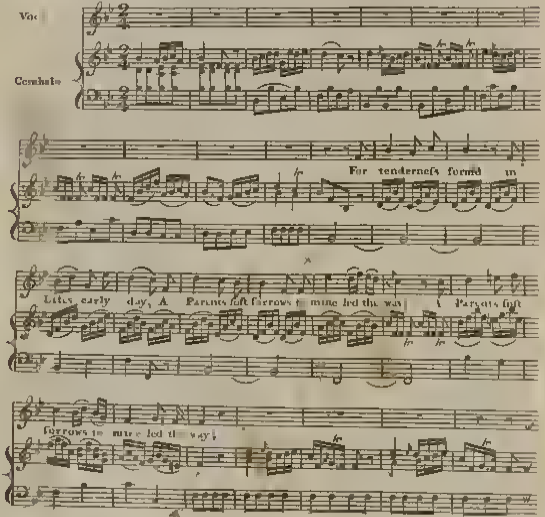
Voc
Cembalo
For tenderness formed in
Lifes early day, A Parents soft sorrows mine led the way, A Parents soft
sorrows mine led the way,

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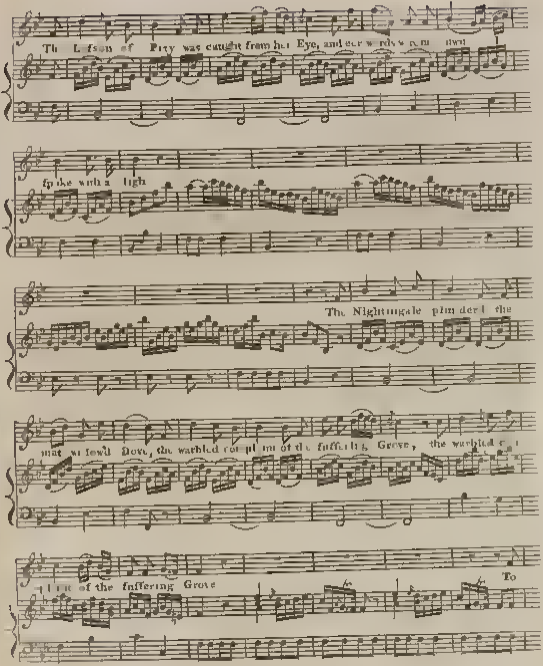
Th Lesson of Pity was caught from her Eye, and ere words
fo she with a sigh
The Nightingale plaintively the
mate wi fowl Dove, the warbled responsion of the suffering Grove, the warbled
To
the suffering Grove

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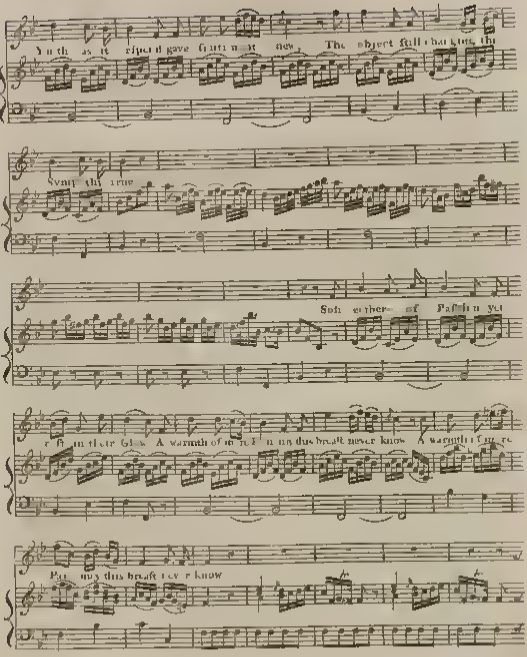
Truth as it reigned gave Gain a new The object full charms
Sweet the true
Such ember- of Passion yet
reflect in their Glass A warmth of which my dull breast never knows A warmth Cupid
Pay my dull heart never know

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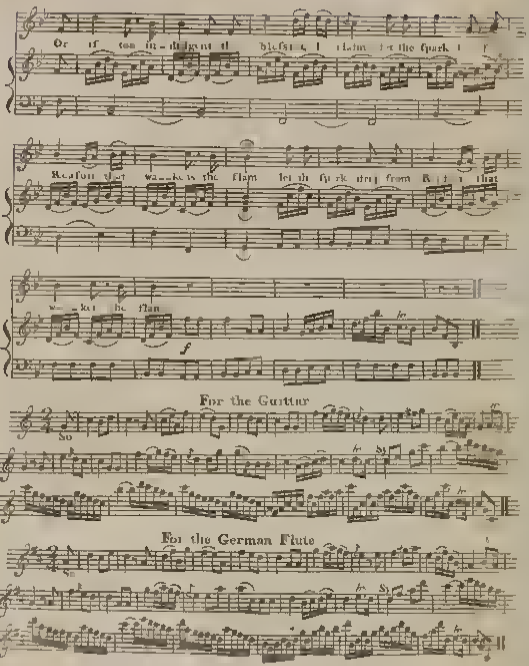

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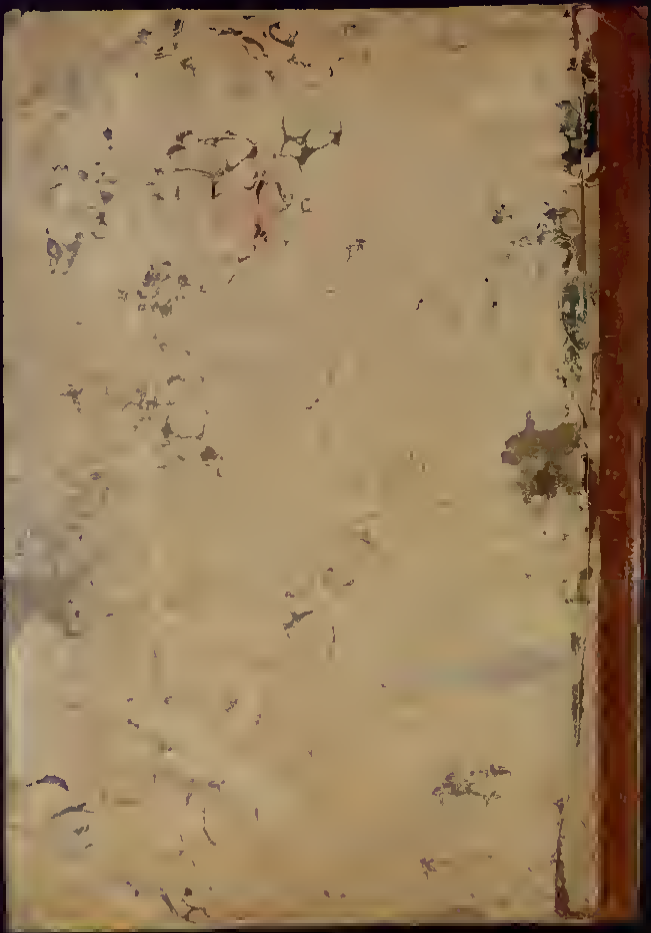

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